How These World's Champion Athletes and Strong Men Obtained Almost Superhuman Strength and Endurance—Nuxated Iron

Put the 'Stay There' Strength and 'Pep of Youth' Into Their Blood

Physician explains why taking Nuxated Iron so quickly gave these men such tremendous force, strength and power.

Why it so quickly brought "Ty" Cobb back to his old stride; how it helped make Jess Willard such a giant of strength and endurance that the hardest blows of great prize-fighters fell harmlessly on his mighty frame.

How you may quickly obtain renewed youthful energy and vigor — Ordinary Nuxated Iron often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 200 per cent in two weeks' time.

$50,000 TY COBB, greatest baseball player of all time, says Nuxated Iron enabled him to "come back" a strong winner after he was all weakened and "run down."

JESS WILLARD tells how iron helped him to gain his great victories over Jack Johnson and Frank Moran.

FREDDIE HILL, tells how he became a miracle of physical endurance and thereby won the great six-day bicycle race.

New York, N. Y.—When interviewed in his apartment at Bretton Hall, Ty Cobb said: "Hundreds of people write to me to know how I train and what I do to keep up that force and vitality which enables me to play practically every day of the entire baseball season. They wonder why I can play a better game today than when I was younger.

"The secret is keeping up the supply of iron in my blood—exactly what everyone else can do if they will.

"At the beginning of the present season I was nervous and run down from a bad attack of tonsilitis, but soon the papers began to state: 'Ty Cobb has "come back." He is hitting up the old stride.' The secret was iron—Nuxated Iron filled me with renewed life.

"Now they say I'm worth $50,000 a year to any baseball team, yet without plenty of iron in my blood I wouldn't be worth five cents. Nuxated Iron supplies that 'stay there' strength and vim that makes men of mark and women of power."

In a discussion on the best methods for gaining strength, in his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize-ring. On his recommendation I have often taken nuxated iron, and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I would never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did, and while training for my fight with Frank Moran I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning the fight so easily."

In response to a question in the office of his manager on Broadway, Freddie Hill, the champion endurance racer of the world, said: "In no test of endurance and stamina do men need such a tremendous reserve strength and power as in a six-day bicycle race. Doctors have always told me, and I believe I have proven it in my own case, that the blood must be filled with iron to stand the terrific strain on mind and body. I consider that Nuxated Iron is the best and most surely effective form in which this greatest of all strength builders can be taken."

Continuing, Dr. Sauer said: "These are only three out of hundreds of cases which I could cite from my own personal experience, which prove conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.— Advertisement.

I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance.

Jess Willard

People marvel at my great strength and endurance and wonder how I "came back" so quickly after having had such a disastrous fall, inflicting concussion of the brain. The secret is Nuxated Iron. It has put the old-time "pep" and vim into my blood, and actually made me a stronger and better man than I was at any previous time in my whole career.

Freddie Hill

I am astonished at the tremendous strength and endurance which I so quickly obtained from taking Nuxated Iron—I feel younger and stronger today than ever before in my life, and the proof is shown by the fact that I play a better game than when I was younger.

Tyrus R. Cobb

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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MANY INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS TO SETTLE

PLACE FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS ON THE SHELF

With Largest Number of Diplomatic Questions in History, Wilson to Wait Until After Election.

Right now the United States is facing more foreign complications than ever before in her history. With the election less than two weeks off all diplomatic discussion has been postponed until after the campaign is out of the way when President Wilson and Secretary Lansing will have their work cut out for them.

Germany's latest note concerning the sinking of the Lusitania will not be made public until after the presidential election. Counsellor Polk, while acting secretary of state, authorized the following statement:

"This note has not been accepted. It will not be given out now. The department is not going to be drawn into a discussion of the submarine question at this time for partisan purposes."

Many Countries Involved.

The foreign complications are with Germany, France, Great Britain, Russia, Japan, Mexico and Central America. With Germany the state department must consider the Lusitania and other indemnity propositions as well as the U-boat controversy which is unsettled and made more dangerous by the transfer of the scene of activity to this side of the ocean.

The complications with France and Great Britain include the mail protest answer which defies the United States and refuses flatly to accept this government's construction of international law. Also the blacklist reply refuses to make any concessions and gives this government the alternative of accepting tamely or resorting to retaliation authorized by congress.

Japan and Russia have protested against the granting of franchises for railroad construction by China to Americans who were willing to finance the proposition. Involved in this controversy which has not been officially considered is the entire question of the "open door" in China.

With Mexico it is a question of sitting on the lid while an explosion is possible at any moment and the so-called "joint conferences" fail to locate any way out.

The Central American angle concerns the increasing possibilities of difficulties with Honduras, Salvador and Costa Rica growing out of the election of Gen. Chamorro as president of Nicaragua and the ratification of the Nicaraguan canal treaty which the three countries claim infringed their rights.

The only thing that will cause these international affairs to be taken up before the election is some unexpected serious complication which may ensue in the meantime. Constant watching and careful handling is necessary at every moment to prevent an unexpected explosion.

One of the demands of this government to be made after election is the filing of claims against France and Great Britain for injuries suffered by American citizens under the allies' illegal censorship of American mails. These claims will amount to many millions, rivaling the famous Alabama claims in the amount involved.

The Lusitania Note.

The last draft of the Lusitania memoranda which was addressed to Secretary Lansing by Count von Bernstorff last February, and has since remained unacted upon, has been published in substance at least twice since it was delivered. Its text never has been given out.

It begins by referring to the conditions prevailing in the war area of the North sea and states that submarine warfare around the British isles was inaugurated by Germany in retaliation for what she considers an "illegal" blockade of Germany. It continues that Germany considers warfare of reprisals justified by the action of Great Britain, describing Great Britain's actions as "inhumane" and points out that neutral vessels have been effected by what are described as the efforts of the British government to starve Germany.

It states further that the method of conducting submarine warfare has been modified out of regard for the long standing friendship between the United States and Germany and because lives of American citizens had been lost.

Didn't Intend to Kill Americans.

The memorandum states that the killing of Americans was not intentional, because reprisals must not be directed against others than enemy subjects. These terms were substituted for phrases which included the word "illegal" which Germany was unwilling to incorporate in the memorandum.

Then the memorandum expresses regret for the loss of American lives, assumes liability for the losses on the Lusitania and offers reparation in the form of indemnity. It closes with references to the freedom of the seas and expresses the hope that Germany have opportunity to co-operate with the United States to bring it about, if possible, before the end of the war.

SEE CARRANZA'S GRASP SLIPPING

Washington Fears That First Chief's Regime Will Collapse; Bringing Crisis.

Any possible decisive action by the administration to stem the tide of anarchy now enveloping in Mexico will be held in abeyance until after election. Discussion of Mexican affairs in any of their varying phases is no longer welcomed at the state department.

It is known, however, that from many sources, information is accumulating, that Carranza's grasp of the situation is steadily relaxing. The only question is whether the fast tottering power of the first chief can be held together until after Nov. 7, or whether an earlier collapse will precipitate another crisis at a time when politics alone absorbs the attention of the American administration.

Guards to Stay on Border.

The settled determination to withdraw none of the 100,000 national guardsmen now on border duty is taken to forecast possible drastic action in dealing with Mexico once election is out of the way. Of no slight importance is the decision of Judge Advocate General Crowder of the army that a state of war now exists between the United States and Mexico. This question had to be decided in order to determine fine questions involving punishment of American infractions. The decision, therefore, is taken to indicate that the administration now must face the facts, or withdraw the American column from Mexican territory.

Renewed attacks on American troops in the Big Bend country, by Mexican soldiers, has served again to emphasize the anomaly of continued hostile clashes without frank admission that a state of war exists.

Battle Near San Jose.

A battle lasting 45 minutes with no casualties was fought on Oct. 19 between United States soldiers and a band of unidentified Mexicans near San Jose, Tex., according to a report to Major General Frederick Funston from Colonel Joseph Gaston, commanding the Sixth cavalry in the Big Bend.

The Mexicans, 30 in number, fired on a detachment of 23 men of the Sixth cavalry and the Texas squadron commanded by Lieutenant Cudington of the Texans. The Americans returned the fire and several hundred shots were exchanged.

No Americans were hurt. Colonel Gaston was unable to state what losses the Mexicans suffered, if any.

Rumanian Shirkers Put in First Ranks

"All soldiers of whom it is proved that they shot themselves in their hands or feet shall be placed in the most advanced skirmishing line, without arms, in order that they may be shot by the enemy."

This, according to the Overseas News Agency, is a part of a Rumanian army order taken by the Germans from a prisoner.

TRY 'EM AT THE BACK DOORS, SONNY

Darling in Des Moines Register and Leader.

PUBLISHER ASSASSINATES THE PREMIER OF AUSTRIA

The Austrian premier, Count Karl Stuergkh, who was assassinated while at dinner on Oct. 21, by Ludwig Adler, a publisher, was shot three times. Count Stuergkh was dining at a hotel when the publisher attacked him. Three shots were fired, all of which took effect, the premier dying instantly.

Count Stuergkh has been a prominent figure in Austrian political affairs for years. He was minister of public works in the cabinet formed in 1909, at the retirement of which, in October of 1911, he was asked to form a new ministry.

The count was born in 1859 at Graz, was educated at the University of Graz and entered the service of the state in 1881. He began his parliamentary career on March 12, 1891, when he was elected to the Reichsrath.

In 1894 he became a ministerial director in the department of which he afterwards became the head. In the interval he was out of office for a time, resigning after the fall of the Windische-Graetz cabinet.

One of the few occasions on which the count's name has figured in the American press during the war was in August of last year, when he was interviewed by an American correspondent. He was quoted as having said that although some of the Teutonic expansionists favored extreme terms he was sure the German government and influential citizens would hold to the moderate demands, thus hastening the end of hostilities.

Emperor Francis Joseph was informed immediately of the death of the premier and was affected deeply.

DECLARE ALLIES CONCEAL LOSSES

Germans Charge That Enemy Withhold Unfavorable News From the Public.

In German military circles attention is called to a new system of war reporting in the bulletins of the entente allies, in which it is alleged attempts are made to conceal the failure of their tremendous attacks by simply announcing that "nothing of importance has occurred."

"German officers say the most striking illustration of this was seen in the Somme operations from Oct. 9 to Oct. 13. On Oct. 12 and 13 especially, the attacks were undertaken with bitterness and were preceded, it is declared, by an artillery pounding which broke even the previous Somme records for big gun bombardments.

"The attacks were the heaviest around Sailly-Saillisel and St. Pierre Vaast wood," army officers say. "On Oct. 12, the enemy advanced in six to ten lines and led by mounted officers. Everything indicated the long expected and eagerly looked for offensive movement, yet the attacks totally failed under frightful carnage. The English troops were decimated to an unprecedented degree by the German machine guns, the infantry being literally mowed down. A regular barricade of corpses lies before St. Pierre Vaast wood. Nevertheless the English and French officials reports touched only briefly or partly ignored this fighting.

"Austro-Hungarian reports indicate that a similar policy has been adopted by the Italians and Russians in issuing their bulletins. Readers of the Italian official communications do not suspect that General Cadorna, the Italian commander-in-chief, suffered terrible defeats recently in the Carso region. It has also been noted for several weeks that the Russians have despised the truth regarding the numerous disastrously repulsed Russian attacks in Volhynia and Galicia."

NEARLY 500 DIE WHEN ZEPPELINS BOMBARD LONDON

Berlin Account Tells of $10,000,000 Property Loss When Air Craft Raid Capital, Wrecking Regent Street.

That more than $10,000,000 damage was done and more than 400 soldiers were killed when bombs struck the Grimsby barracks in London, and about 60 men were killed on board a cruiser, during the last Zeppelin raid over London is the story given out by the Overseas News Agency in Berlin. This raid took place on September 23, according to the dispatches. Regent street, one of the main arteries of London traffic, for the most part, was laid in ruins, according to the story.

The official British account of that attack said no reports had been received of any military damage though a considerable number of small dwellings and shops, two factories, a railway station and some empty railway trucks were destroyed or damaged and that 30 persons were killed and 110 wounded. An American arriving in New York, who was in London at the time, denied the German story of the Zeppelin raid.

According to the Berlin story the information is based upon accounts by eye witnesses. It is stated that 400 soldiers were killed at Grimsby when the barracks were hit, two warships anchored at Hull were damaged and one cruiser anchored in the Humber river was also hit.

More than 100 buildings were destroyed or heavily damaged. Near the London and Brighton railroad station at London 10 houses were completely demolished by three heavy bombs and an ammunition factory was blown up in a suburb south of London. Liverpool street station in London was shelled and railroad tracks were damaged.

Seven benzol tanks on the banks of the Thames were exploded, and at Hull buildings were destroyed, only the walls remaining standing. Heavy damage was done at Leeds where there are many ammunition factories. The alcohol factory of Pink & Sons at Portsmouth and the sheds of another factory were destroyed.

The Overseas Agency quotes from the World, a London weekly paper of date of Oct. 3, as follows:

"From many parts of the country arrive complaints about superfluous warnings against Zeppelins, which, thanks to the nervousness of policemen, help the Germans. I am sure that the real object of these airships is not the killing of women and children, nor the terrifying of the population, but the restriction of our ammunition output by bringing their operations to a standstill during the attacks. At some places, thousands of working hours were lost this week. Therefore, we had better give warning and put out lights only when the airships are 30 or 40 miles distant."

British Physician Says Drink Is Nearly as Deadly as War

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F. R. C. S., F. R. S., one of the most eminent physicians of Great Britain, has issued a statement declaring that during every year of peace, alcohol takes in lives three-fourths of the toll exacted by the first year of the great war, that it makes 45,445 widows and orphans in England and Wales every year, and that, as a "racial poison," an ally to syphilis, its trail is over the whole colossal loss of life before and soon after birth. This, he estimates, is not less than 200,000 annually. He says:

"The first year of the great war cost us about 80,000 fine lives of our soldiers and sailors.

"But during every year of peace, alcohol takes at least 60,000 lives in this country. On the most moderate reckoning it is responsible for one-seventh, or about 14 per cent of the whole death rate. This toll of over a thousand lives a week, year in and year out, is three-fourths of the toll exacted by the greatest war in history.

"Estimating from the average size of a family and the known death rate from alcohol, we find that this destroyer of the people, by its destruction of husbands and fathers, makes 45,445 widows and orphans in England and Wales every year, or over 124 every day. These figures are an under-statement, for they do not recognize the fact that the mortality due to alcohol is really much higher among men than women.

"We have in this country an infant mortality of about 100,000 per annum, and a mortality of infants before birth which is at least as high. It is estimated that not less than half of this ante-natal mortality, namely, 50,000 lives per annum, is due to syphilis. Over the whole of this colossal loss of life, before and soon after birth, amounting to not less than 200,000 lives annually, is the trail of alcohol, either doing its deadly work hand in hand with syphilis or destroying life directly on its own account.

"Obviously, therefore, the abolition of the mortality directly and indirectly due to alcohol would vastly more than compensate for the unprecedented loss of life due to the deadliest war in history."

God's Country and The Woman—Page Six

CURWOOD AND BURROUGHS TALES THRILL

The Son of Tarzan Page Three

NATION-WIDE STRAW VOTE FAVORS HUGHES

WILSON DISHRAG DIPLOMAT, SAYS T. R. IN SPEECH

Baker Dumfounds Democratic Leaders When He Likens Mexican Revolutionists to Men of 1776.

Charles E. Hughes holds the lead over President Wilson in the nation-wide straw vote being taken by the New York Herald but during the last week represented in the figures Wilson made slight gains.

The President's vote now is 49,878, Hughes has 54,804, and Allan S. Benson, Socialist candidate, 2,518. In the 35 state in which the vote was taken Hughes has a plurality in 18 and President Wilson in 17. Those states for Wilson in the straw vote are Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New York, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin. States favorable to Hughes are California, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont and Wyoming. The pluralities in many of the states were very small.

In commenting upon the vote the Herald says that the race is a close one and nowhere is there a suggestion of landslide or anything approaching it. It says:

"Conditions are such that it would be hazardous now, with the straw vote campaign incomplete, to make a definite prediction. There are many indications that the mountainous Republican pluralities of the McKinley-Roosevelt and Taft years are dangerously threatened. On the other hand, the President is holding his own with ease in the strictly Democratic territory, and is apparently certain to get such states as Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia and Oklahoma, in each of which the Republicans believed a short time ago they had a fighting chance or considerably better.

"The states of New York, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana will beyond all question decide the election. Any one of them may."

The "drift" of votes to the different candidates, as shown by the "Herald" tables, is as follows:

Roosevelt to Wilson	3,319
Roosevelt to Hughes	11,058
Taft to Wilson	2,151
Wilson to Hughes	5,363
Total of shift to Wilson	5,470
Total of shift to Hughes	16,421
Percentage of Progressive vote to Wilson to date	.228
Percentage of Progressive vote to Hughes to date	.761
Percentage of Progressive vote to Wilson week ending Oct.8	.215
Percentage of Progressive vote to Hughes week ending October 8	.774
Percentage of Taft voters to Wilson to date	.132
Percentage of Wilson voters to Hughes to date	.169
Percentage of Taft voters to Wilson week ending Oct. 8	.119
Percentage of Wilson voters to Hughes week ending Oct. 8	.173

An analysis of the vote indicates that the drift of the vote for Roosevent in 1912 has been in the proportion of .228 per cent to President Wilson and .761 per cent to Mr. Hughes, the figures in the poll giving 11,058 Roosevelt votes to Hughes as against 3,319 to Wilson.

Wilson Ignores Farmers.

In speaking to a crowd of Nebraska farmers last week Candidate Hughes told them that the Democratic administration had ignored the agricultural interests of the country in urging the enactment of the Adamson law.

"I want to say, in reference to rates, that it seems to me that the farmers of the country were very little considered the other day when, on the demand of the administration, the wages of a group of railroad workers were increased by law, in response to force. Somebody has got to pay the increased bill, and the farmers will know very quick who has to pay them.

"The farmers were not represented in this discussion, if you may call it that, in this surrender. I have here a copy of a telegram that was sent to the President by Mr. Pope, the president of the State Farmers' union of Texas, which I shall read to you.

"'We ask that you make no concessions or commitments that will in any manner cause an increase in freight rates on products, produced or consumed on the farm. The men who pay the freight have an equity in this dispute which neither the railroad trainmen nor the railroad managers have authority to represent.

"'If it is your intention to personally dispose of the matter, we ask that you postpone further consideration until a committee of farmers can prepare information and data to present their side of the case. If you conclude to settle by arbitration, then the organized farmers should have representation on any arbitration committee that may be formed to dispose of this question, for they who pay should have representation as well as the men who receive it. We again urge that all questions involved be settled by arbitration, where all parties and all interests can be heard and the subject be dealt with aside from haste and intimidation.'"

Is Dishrag Diplomat.

"Instead of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, President Wilson spoke bombastically and carried a dishrag."

So declared Theodore Roosevelt addressing a big crowd at Louisville, Ky., last week.

The colonel renewed his attacks upon President Wilson's policies, especially in regard to the European war and Mexico.

The colonel said:

When he dealt with our property rights he announced to England that the United States intended fearlessly to accept the championship of neutral rights. But, as in the case of his note to Germany, he did nothing to back up his words. They were words and nothing else.

He said he would hold Mexico to a "strict responsibility," and he did not hold her to any responsibility.

He said he would hold Germany to "strict accountability," and he did not hold her to any accountability.

He said that the English blockade was illegal, ineffective, and indefensible; and he neither made his words good nor acted on them.

He announced that he would insist on all our rights; and then he abandoned them all.

Baker Blunders.

Democratic party chiefs were amazed at the political blunder made by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker at Jersey City, N. J., last week when he likened the army of 1776 which fought under Washington to the Mexican revolutionists. Immediately after hearing of this address many patriotic societies throughout the country adopted resolutions condemning Baker's statements as untrue and unpatriotic.

Baker, in his speech, sought to justify the President's Mexico policy by likening the Mexican revolutionists to the American continentals who fought under Washington in the war of the Revolution.

"I know that Mexicans do not respect life and property," Baker was quoted as saying. "I know they do not pay their debts, that they are ragamuffins, that they desecrate church property, that their money is no good and that they, generally, are no good.

"But people never respect those things in revolutions. We did not respect them in our Civil war. Washington's soldiers, in the march to Valley Forge, stole everything they could lay their hands on, took silver vessels out of the churches and sold them to buy drink. They drove ministers out of churches. Their money was worthless and they were just as bad characters as the Mexicans."

SHORT ENDS OF NEWS

The Duke of Connaught, the retired governor general of Canada, has arrived in England. He reached home on Oct. 11.

Field Marshal Alexander H. R. von Kluck, who commanded the right wing of the German army in its sweep toward Paris in 1914, has been placed on the retired list at his own request. He is 70 years old.

Secret agents of the allies frustrated, in the nick of time, a plot hatched in Athens to assassinate Eleutheros Venizelos, head of the Greek revolutionary government.

Kaiser Wilhelm is determined to stand by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in spite of the political attacks against him. A petition asking Hollweg's retirement was sent to the kaiser, but he refused to receive it.

Teutonic diplomats, in position to be familiar with the movements of the German submarine merchantman Bremen, have virtually conceded its loss. The boat is one month overdue.

According to information from Amsterdam the sailing of the submarine merchantman Deutschland across the Atlantic has been canceled. The reason for this is believed to be the fact that no news has been received from the Bremen and she is regarded as lost.

A record amount of money is being wagered on the presidential election in Indiana. The prevailing odds with Indianapolis betting commissioners are $100 to $50 against the chances of Wilson being re-elected.

The British government has decided to make no official representation to the United States concerning the German submarine U-53 until President Wilson announces his attitude.

General Trevino, Carranza commander at Chihuahua is said to have refused to accept Villa's challenges to fight.

In one week $10,000,000 in British gold has been received at New York, indicating a resumption of the enormous imports which began early in the year and continued until the latter part of September.

Virginia patriotic societies that hark back to the American Revolution celebrated the 145th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown on Oct. 19.

Word from Spain says that Jack Johnson's white wife deserted him shortly after a bout which the ex-champion of the world lost. She took her diamonds and expensive jewelry with her.

Snow covered some of the middle western states one day last week. The rain and sleet storm, followed by snow, extended practically over all of South Dakota, Nebraska and western Iowa.

William Hornibrook, United States minister to Siam, has announced that his resignation, sent President Wilson last May, will take effect on Nov. 1. Ill health of his family is the reason.

Henry Splitdorf, inventor of many important electrical devices, died at his home in New York on Oct. 16. He was 82 years old. His inventions include the Splitdorf magneto and the liquid insulation of magnetic wire.

According to travelers from Germany, a remarkable disease is spreading in many parts of Germany, caused by continual feeding from preserved fruits. It is described as "tin sickness," and is a serious form of blood poison.

Francisco Villa, Mexican bandit, is said to have inflicted another crushing defeat on Carranza's forces at San Andres, not far from Chihuahua.

Woman Spy Condemned.

A court martial at Marseilles has unanimously condemned to death for spying, Madame Gomeno Sanches, who, before her marriage was Maria Liberdall of Dusseldorf.

A Few Hot Campaign Shots From Both Political Parties

Theodore Roosevelt says:

"Instead of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, President Wilson spoke bombastically and carried a dishrag."

"President Wilson, by adroit elocution, has stilled the spirit of patriotism in the nation's breast."

"I criticize President Wilson because his deeds have belied his words and his words have belied one another."

"If the President is inspired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of 1,300 lives, only to make his remark about being too proud to fight, it is not to be wondered at that some of his friends should feel reluctant to sing the Star Spangled Banner."

Charles Evans Hughes declares:

"A vote for me is a vote for permanent peace based on self-respect and the esteem and respect of others."

"Those who seek to make political capital out of the present prosperity are either insincere or thoughtless. This is no time to debate theories. We must have the Republican doctrine of protection. There is no permanent prosperity for a decadent nation; no permanent prosperity for a nation that does not respect itself."

"A vote for me means a vote for the maintenance of American rights."

George W. Perkins says:

"The Progressives of the country are supporting Hughes and not Wilson for the presidency because they are for real accomplishments, not fine phrases."

President Wilson says:

"The Democratic party is the only instrumentality now at hand for the enactment of genuine, humane, just and progressive legislation."

"When the nations of the world come to love America they will obey and follow America."

"Society is now organizing its whole power in order that it may understand itself, in order that it may have a new organization and instrument of civilization, and I am ambitious that America should show the way in this great enterprise."

ITALY'S NEW WARSHIPS ARE MUCH FASTER THAN LINERS

Italy now possesses a type of warship whose speed is three times as great as that of the greatest trans-Atlantic liner, according to the Giornale Italia. The sea trial of the first of these ships to be completed was witnessed by a newspaper correspondent. Three others are building. All of the new vessels will use oil fuel.

Baker-Wilson Patriotism—"The Same Sort of Men"

—From the Cleveland Leader.

"They (Washington's Soldiers) Were Just as Bad Characters as the Mexicans."—Secretary Baker.

CUTICURA HEALED ECZEMA IN 30 DAYS

Had Been on Hand Three Months, Itched Causing Constant Pain.

"I was affected with eczema on my left wrist. It began in pimples and the skin was red and sore, and crusted and scaled. The pimples got white and itched causing constant pain, and looked awful bad.

"I began to treat it and it spread over half my wrist and the side of my hand. It had been on my hand about three months when I commenced to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days it was better, and in thirty days I was healed sound and well." (Signed) Chas. O. Baker, Shoals, Ind., April 22, 1916.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are not only most valuable for the treatment of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, dandruff and irritated scalps, but their great mission is to prevent such conditions. Cuticura Soap used exclusively for the toilet and Cuticura Ointment occasionally as needed guard the skin and scalp in most cases against any troubles of this kind.

For Trial Free by Return Mail address post-card: **"Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston."** Sold throughout the world.

American Wounded at Verdun

Jules Michel, assistant manager of Martin's restaurant in New York, who was severely wounded at Fort Douaumont, on the Verdun front, is recovering. Michel resigned his position to go to France to fight.

WILSON'S LIFE IS ATTEMPTED

President in Pittsburgh When Irish-American Jumps on His Automobile.

After making three attempts to board President Wilson's automobile as it was returning to the depot in Pittsburgh on Oct 20, Richard Cullen, Irish-American machinist, was arrested by secret service men who frustrated his efforts to enter the machine.

When questioned later at the police station to which he was taken, Cullen said that he was dissatisfied with the President's foreign policy anent the European war. He made no threats against the President after his arrest, merely saying that he wished to talk matters over with Mr. Wilson.

Cullen carried a small bag containing a knife with a blade five inches long and a small bottle filled with some kind of fluid which investigation proved to be medicine given Cullen by his physician. The young man is said to have been acting queerly since suffering a sunstroke early in the summer. He was committed to Mayview for further observation.

MEXICAN EX-PRESIDENT WEDDED MANICURE GIRL

ROMANCE STARTED WHEN NEW ORLEANS MAID TRIMMED FORMER RULER'S HANDS.

Francisco Carvajal, former provincial president of Mexico, and for the last year international lawyer with offices in New Orleans, was married last week to Miss Louise Martin, 20-year-old manicure in a hotel.

The romance dates back a year to when the former president of Mexico had his nails manicured in the hotel barber shop.

A Dime Each May Be Price of Hen Fruit

Massachusetts Man Claims Eggs Will Reach Dollar Mark.

The price of eggs will soon be 75 cents a dozen, and doubtless will be $1 a dozen before the winter is over, according to Secretary Wilfred Wheeler of the Mass. board of agriculture, who has completed a comprehensive study of the egg situation.

His investigation revealed:

1. Poor hatches of chickens last spring.

2. More than 50 per cent of the spring poultry has died because of adverse weather conditions and other causes.

3. Farmers killed poultry for the high market prices this summer.

4. The high price of grain and chicken feed has driven out the farmer who raised poultry as a side line.

"Consumers all over the state are going to feel the effect of the price increase in eggs," said Secretary Wheeler. "The situation is by no means local. It will hit the country districts just as hard as the cities."

Eggs are selling from 55 to 60 cents a dozen. Increases are expected daily, "but the real effect will not be felt until the cold weather," Secretary Wheeler said.

"Then," he said, "eggs will become a forbidden fruit for Mr. Average Citizen."

U. S. Orders 200 Aeroplanes.

Orders for more than 200 aeroplanes have been placed by the war department as a first step in expansion of the aviation service under the army reorganization act, and contracts for about 100 additional machines of various types probably will be awarded in the near future. In most cases delivery within a short period is stipulated.

200 Old Time Songs With Music Given Away

In order to introduce Spare Moments, Our Big, Handsomely Illustrated Magazine (established in 1904) into homes that have never seen it, and in this way secure thousands of new subscribers, we are going to give away a Big Book of 176 pages containing **200 of the Old Time Songs with Music** we sang in our younger days, songs that never should be forgotten. If you should purchase these songs in sheet music form, they would cost $50.00; and remember we give you the music as well as the words. Many of these songs are out of print and cannot be purchased at any price. Here is your chance to preserve them.

Here Are the Titles of the 200 Songs With Music:

A Life on the Ocean Wave
A Man's a Man for a' That
Annie o' the Banks o' Dee
Annie Laurie
Auld Lang Syne
Auld Robin Gray
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea
Baby Mine
Beautiful Bells
Beautiful Snow
Bell Brandon
Belle of Baltimore
Ben Bolt
Billy Boy
Bingen on the Rhine
Black-Eyed Susan
Bonnie Doon
Bonnie Dundee
Bring Back My Bonnie to Me
By the Blue Alsatian Mountains
Caller Herrin'
Captain Jinks
Captain With His Whiskers
Charlie Is My Darling
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean
Come Home, Father
Comin' Thro' the Rye
Comrades
Cruelty to Johnny
Die Wacht am Rhein
Dolly Varden
Don't You Go, Tommy
Do They Miss Me at Home?
Do They Think of Me at Home?
Douglas, Tender and True
Down in a Coal Mine
Ever of Thee
Five o'Clock in the Morning
Flee as a Bird
Go Down, Moses
Good Night, and Joy Be wi' Ye a'
Green Grow the Rushes, O
Hail Columbia
Hail to the Chief
Hard Times Come Again No More
Harvest Home
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
Hickory, Dickory, Dock
Highland Mary
Home, Sweet Home
I Ain't Going to Die No More
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs
If I Had but a Thousand a Year
I Dreamt That I Dwelt
I Heard a Wee Bird Singing
I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree
I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound
I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet
In the Gloaming
I Remember
I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight
I've Just Come from the Fountain
Jack and Jill Went Up the Hill
Jess, the Flower of the Dumblane
Jim Along Josey
Jim Crack Corn
Jock o' Hazeldean
John Anderson, My Jo
Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier
Johnny Sands
Judgment Day Is Rolling Round
Katey's Letter
Kissing on the Sly
Kiss Me Quick and Go
Lanigan's Ball
Larboard Watch
Listen to the Nightingale
Little Annie Rooney
Little Barefoot
Little Bo-peep
Little Jack Horner Sat in a Corner
Little Maggie May
Little Nell
Lord Lovell
Lord Ullin's Daughter
Love Among the Roses
Maggie By My Side
Maggie's Secret
Maid of Athens
Marceillaise Hymn
Maryland, My Maryland
Mary of Argyle
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground
Meet Me by Moonlight
Miss Wrinkle
Molly, Put the Kettle On
My Country 'Tis of Thee
My Heart Is Sair for Somebody
My Heart's in the Highlands
My Johnny Was a Shoemaker
My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose
My Pretty Yellar Gal
My Way's Cloudy
Nancy Lee
Nelly of the Hazel Dell
Nobody Knows the Trouble I See
O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?
Oft in the Stilly Night
Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long
Oh! Had I Wings Like a Dove
Oh! I Should Like to Marry
Oh! Susanna
Oh! Why Do You Tease Us?
Oh! Would I Were a Bird
Oh! Would I Were a Boy Again
Old Grimes
Old King Cole
Our Flag Is There
Over the Garden Wall
O Whistle and I'll Come to You
O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut
Paddle Your Own Canoe
Robin Adair
Robinson Crusoe
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother
Roll, Jordan, Roll
St. Patrick Was a Gentleman
Sally in Our Alley
Scots, Wha Ha'e Wi' Wallace Bled
Seesaw, Margary Daw
See, the Conquering Hero Comes
Shells of Ocean
Simon Cellarer
Sing a Song of Sixpence
Sparkling and Bright
Steal Away
Stop Dat Knocking
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Take Back the Heart
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ten Little Niggers
The Angel's Whisper
The Arm Chair
The Battle Cry of Freedom
The Blue Bells of Scotland
The Blue Juanita
The Burial of Sir John Moore
The Campbells Are Comin'
The Charming Young Widow
The Cork Leg
The Cruiskeen Lawn
The Danube River
The Dustman
The Girl I Left Behind Me
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls
The Laird o' Cockpen
The Land o' the Leal
The Little Brown Jug
The Little Fisher Maiden
The Maiden's Prayer
The March of the Cameron Men
The Minute Gun at Sea
Then You'll Remember Me
The Old Arm Chair
The Old Oaken Bucket
The Pauper's Drive
The Pilgrim Fathers
There Is a Green Hill Far Away
There's Nae Luck About the House
There Was a Jolly Miller
There Was an Old Woman
The Rose of Allandale
The Spider and the Fly
The Star-Spangled Banner
The Sword of Bunker Hill
The Used-Up Man
The Water Mill
The Widow in a Cottage by the Sea
Thou Art Gone from My Gaze
Three Fishers Went Sailing
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
Turn Back Pharaoh's Army
Wait for the Wagon
We'd Better Bide a Wee
We Meet by Chance
We're a Noddin'
What Are the Wild Waves Saying?
When the Swallows Homeward Fly
When We Went Gypsying
When You and I Were Young
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?
Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?
Whoa! Emma!
Widow Machree
Willie, We Have Missed You
Will You Love Me then as Now?
Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town
Woodman, Spare That Tree
Yankee Doodle
You Never Miss the Water

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AGENTS.

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Big money easy selling Uni-Lites. Agents can make $50 to $100 weekly in spare time. Equals 20 ordinary lamps or lanterns—300 candlepower. Used in house and out doors. Get new free Uni-Lite offer. Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., 1002 Uni-Lite Bldg., Chicago.

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Small Missouri Farm, $10 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-105, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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For Sale—160 acres of finest farmland in Michigan, near Caro; some woodland, balance under cultivation; very fertile and raises big crops; good buildings in excellent condition. For full description and terms write Frank Stamets, Caro, Mich.

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Free—320-acre Montana homesteads. Send names of 5 interested parties for free circular. Bureau 83, Boulder, Montana.

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$25 weekly collecting names and addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W. 57, Baltimore, Md.

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Farms Wanted—Have 7,000 buyers; describe your unsold property. 414 Farmers' Exchange, Denver, Colo.

Wanted to hear from owner of farm or fruit ranch for sale. O. O. Mattson, Minneapolis, Minn.

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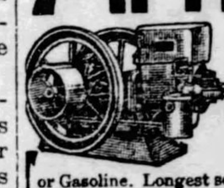

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FOUR BOATS SINK AND 47 DROWN IN ERIE GALE

A gale, sweeping Lake Erie on Oct. 20 caused the loss of 47 lives and wrecked four lake vessels.

The steamer Merida foundered near Southeast shoal, the entire crew consisting of about 20 being drowned. The James B. Colgate foundered off Long Point, Ont., opposite Erie, Pa. Twenty-one lives were lost. The D. L. Filer sank off Bar Point, near the Detroit river, six lives being lost. The Marshall F. Butters foundered near Southeast shoal, south of Point Pelee.

The gale that lashed the lake last week was one of the most disastrous in recent years. All shipping was endangered, the vessels having a difficult time getting through. Many boats which happened to be in port when the storm began did not venture into the lake at all. At one time the wind was blowing at the rate of 75 miles an hour, according to one captain who was rescued from his foundered ship.

FOOD RIOTS NIGHTLY IN NORTHERN MEXICO

DEATH FROM STARVATION TAKES FRIGHTFUL TOLL AMONG POOR IN CITIES.

A food famine, whose extent has hitherto been concealed from outsiders by Gen. Carranza, now threatens to contribute to the early overthrow of the de facto government in the northern states of Mexico. Reports received here in Washington disclose that thousands are without food in the states of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Durango, where the necessities of life are held at prohibitive prices.

Food lines are formed every evening when women carrying teacups gather in long columns to take their turn in exchanging the few pennies they can muster for mere handfuls of corn. Food riots take place nightly in Chihuahua, Durango, Torreon and Aguas Calientes, and deaths from starvation and disease which run in the wake of famine mount to the hundreds every day in these four cities.

Please mention the Toledo Weekly Blade when you are writing to advertisers and it will do us a favor.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ARE HARD HIT WHEN WAR BOOSTS PRICE OF PAPER

SINCE the beginning of the European war, two years ago, paper, ink, type metal, type, chemicals, nearly all materials entering into the production of a newspaper, have advanced in price. It means an increased cost of 50 per cent to the publisher. Some publishers have been obliged to suspend publication because they couldn't get print paper; there have been instances where two papers in the same field have found it advisable to consolidate, in order that owners might have reasonable profits.

Before the war the publishers didn't have to search from week to week to obtain enough white paper on which to print the next edition. There was plenty of everything needed on hand and plenty more obtainable upon immediate notice. Now there is scarcely enough of any commodity obtainable to give him a moment's security.

Paper presents the greatest problem to the newspaper publisher and serves most to increase the cost of production. That the reader may more clearly understand what this means let him reflect that 24 rolls, of an average weight of 1,500 pounds to the roll, are required to print one issue of the Weekly Blade. There has been an advance of 60 cents per hundred pounds on this paper when bought under contract in large quantities, and the price has been doubled when purchased in small lots outside of contracts.

There are various reasons for the advance. The primary one, of course, is the war. Secondary comes increased demand. This demand is not confined to the United States.

England is calling for more print paper, and so are all her colonies except Canada. The last named not only makes her own supply, but also much of the world's export paper. But the distant colonies, without transportation facilities such as formerly were available, are beginning to feel the shortage; also they are unable to obtain the former supplies of material from sources which satisfied their demands before the war.

Recently the buyer of a large Australian house was in this country seeking to purchase print paper for delivery in Australia. The South American republics, previously dependent on England and Germany for their supplies of paper, as for all other things they did not produce themselves, have been unable to obtain even a fraction of their quotas and are now turning to the markets of the United States seeking a supply. All this tremendous demand has served to send up prices in face of the fact that it couldn't all be supplied.

White paper is made from wood pulp made from spruce and hemlock trees. In some cases, tamarack and jack pine are substituted in part for the other two, but the result is not so satisfactory. Lately the process has been helped by the addition of a small proportion of rags, to give added firmness and fiber to the paper, but this has done practically nothing toward relieving the situation. This pulp is obtained chiefly in Canada, Norway and Sweden in normal times. At the present the scarcity of seagoing bottoms and the dangers of commerce on the high seas, which have forced ocean rates to a prohibitive point, have combined to shut off practically the entire European supply from the United States, and, as a result, the American mills have been dependent on the supplies obtainable in Canada.

Pulp Manufacture Costlier.

Many of the mills have their own forest preserves in the northern country, and those which have are permitted to prepare the pulp and import it into the United States for manufacture into paper at their own mills, without paying any duties. Between 5,000 and 6,000 tons per day are required by the mills in the United States under normal conditions to keep them in operation; with the European supply reduced as it is efforts are being made to obtain from Canada more than the 1,000 tons she normally contributed.

The manufacture of this pulp also costs more than formerly.

In the process of preparing pulp, which consists of grinding the barked log into a fine powder, treating it with acids and other chemicals, mixing this with a tissue obtained by chipping the log, cooking that product and treating it with sulphurous acid, and then running the whole liquid mass over drying rolls, some chemicals are used for cooking and bleaching, the cost of which has been increased. Some of the chemicals are reported "extinct," in so far as the American market is concerned, and substitutes not so satisfactory are being used in their places. In some instances rags are substituted for the wood fiber in the above mixture, but the price of rags has also gone up.

Before the war rags were imported in large quantities from the European nations and, combining with those collected by the junk men in the United States, sold for $1.75 per hundredweight. When the foreign supply was cut off by the war they jumped until the price stood at $5.50 per hundredweight. At this point the federal government took a hand, issuing an appeal to housewives and others to take care of their waste rags and conserve them for paper making, with the result that the visible supply was increased to some extent and the price fell off to $3.75. But, at that, it is more than double the original cost.

After paper, type is the next important item in newspaper work. Type metal, as is generally known, is a composition of lead, tin, antimony, and other ingredients. It is used in all departments of the plant for various purposes. In the composing room, of course, is its main use, in casting lines of type on the linotype machines. It also plays an important part in the actual printing, which is done from plates cast of type metal.

Quotations on type metal furnished by the Hoyt Metal Co. show considerable range in this commodity. On May 28, 1914, it was quoted at 7¼ cents per pound. May 3, 1916, it had advanced to 15½c. The advance in this metal was due chiefly to the scarcity of antimony and tin. The former, obtained chiefly from England, ran from 7⅜ cents to 19 cents a pound during the month of August, 1914, immediately following the declaration of war; later it touched 50 cents and then no quotation could be obtained because it had disappeared from the market entirely. China and Japan, sources previously not considered of much use so far as antimony was concerned, have been supplying all that has been used for almost a year, the grades from those countries selling now around 45 cents.

Tin, the other chief component of type metal, did some aerowork immediately after war was declared, but recently there has been a drop from the highest quotation. This metal jumped from 27⅞ cents until it touched 80 cents, but is now considerably less than that. The dealers refuse to quote any definite price on it except for immediate delivery, because it fluctuates constantly, each day seeing some change in the price.

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BOX 159, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

SOLDIERS GOT RELIEF FROM SORENESS

Boys on the Border Relieved Their Pains and Aches with Sloan's Liniment.

Once upon a time Norman Jones, serving in the National Guard at El Paso, returned to camp after a strenuous 15 mile hike foot-sore and leg-weary. He had not been long in active service and his shoulders, back and limbs felt the after-effects of marching.

Remembering Sloan's Liniment, Jones applied it to the sore spots and went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling fine; in fact I had entirely forgotten about the hike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as spry as ever."

Private Jones passed the experience along, and many a boy on the border relieved the agony of sprains, strains, bruises, insect bites, cramped muscles, rheumatic twinges, etc., by the use of Sloan's Liniment.

Easily applied without rubbing. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

What Charles E. Hughes Says— About the Need to Protect Ourselves Against The Competition of Europe After the War

"We had, as you know, a new tariff bill passed under this administration.

What happened?

Enterprise halted, plants closed, new undertakings were abandoned. Hundreds of thousands of men lost their employment. They were able to work, they were willing to work, and they walked the streets of our cities looking for work in vain.

Why was it?

We were subjected to a competition which we could not stand, and there were opportunities given to others which by right belonged to our own people.

* * *

"We have now a temporary prosperity in many parts of our land, growing out of the European War.

On the other side of the Atlantic, in a long line of trenches, extending across the continent, are millions of men engaged in fighting. They are not engaged in producing wealth. They are engaged in consuming wealth. Back of them in every one of the belligerent nations are millions engaged in preparing the munitions of war.

The result is that we have been shipping abroad vast quantities of our products, bread stuffs, woolen stuffs, all sorts of manufactures, everything for the purpose of filling the gap caused by the withdrawal of so many from the productive pursuits of peace.

* * *

"If you look behind the carnage and horror of it you will find in every one of these nations an unparalleled discipline. You will find in every one of these nations extraordinary organization.

They know what every man can do and the place for every man and every woman.

I do not speak of any particular nation. There is not a nation there which does not possess these qualities to a degree which challenges our admiration.

Have you any idea that when this war ends that discipline will lose its effect?

* * *

"When the war ceases then you will have a test.

There will be a stimulus to production and an efficiency in production and application of power in every one of these nations the like of which was never known to the world.

It is a new Europe that will shortly face the United States in a severe economic struggle. It is a new United States, self-disciplined in peace, alert and equal to its economic tasks that must face a new Europe.

* * *

"American industry demands a tariff for the purpose of an honest protection, and, for that reason, demands the restoration of the Republican party to power in this country.

Tariff for revenue only, I say bluntly, is not an American doctrine; it does not fit American industries.

I say that it is the Republican party that knows how to take care of the prosperity of the United States. **It always has.** And we propose to take care of it in this instance.

I propose that American labor shall be safeguarded.

IT IS FRANKLY IDLE TO SUPPOSE THAT YOU CAN SAFEGUARD AMERICAN LABOR IF YOU WILL ALLOW THE INTRODUCTION OF GOODS MADE BY MEN PAID LESS WAGES, AND WHOSE STANDARD OF LIVING IS LOWER.

* * *

"I do not represent a sectional party.

The Republican party proposes policies which are important alike for South, North, East and West.

It is not sectional. It is national."

(Extracts from speeches by Charles E. Hughes)

Published by
Republican National Committee

COLLEGES TRAIN YOUTH FOR ARMY

War Department Approves Proposed Military Science Courses in 16 Schools.

Sixteen of the country's leading universities and colleges will give their students training in military science with the approval of the war department. The official authorization was given the proposed courses to executive officers of the institutions at a conference between them and war department officials.

The purpose of the conference was to establish a systematic method for training reserve officers along lines described by the army reorganization law. It is has been estimated that a corps of 50,000 reserve officers will be necessary to establish an adequate military force should the United States become involved in war with a first-class world power.

In the absence of Secretary Baker, who issued the invitation to college and university heads, the conference was presided over by acting Secretary Ingraham.

The conference was a general informal discussion of the law authorizing army training in civil institutions and of ways and means for putting it into effect. The general impression of the speakers was that the regulations prescribed by the statute were not sufficiently elastic.

Mr. Ingraham appointed a committee to work out a curriculum acceptable to the various institutions and the government and to arrange other details for the actual beginning of instruction.

The institutions authorized to give military instruction are: Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Michigan, Alabama, Virginia Military Institute, Stevens Institute of Technology, Catholic University of America, Lehigh, Ohio State, Tennessee, Clemson Agricultural College, Minnesota, Illinois, City College of New York and Vermont.

SYNOPSIS

PAULVITCH, the Russian, escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, the ape, Tarzan's friend. Tarzan's son, Jack Clayton, who has been kept in ignorance of his father's life, runs away with Akut to Africa after the ape has killed Paulvitch. There Akut kills an American crook, and the two flee into the jungle. Jeanne, little daughter of Captain Jacot of the Foreign Legion, has been stolen by Arabs, and Jenssen and Malbihn, two Swedes, recognize her in Meriem, supposed daughter of the sheik, and try to carry her off for the reward Jacot has offered. Jack quickly finds his place in the jungle, and meets his first lion while hunting with Akut.

Jack wins the title of Korak, the Killer, in many adventures. Both blacks and whites fear him and drive him away; so he turns to the great apes for companionship, only to be rejected once more. Sick at heart he chances upon the sheik's village in time to rescue Meriem from the anger of the sheik. Korak carries her to the jungle where the two join Akut

Meriem becomes somewhat proficient as a hunter with Korak and Akut as time passes. One day while resting in a tree she is surprised and carried away by two strange apes.

CHAPTER XII.
Akut, King.

Korak, returning from the hunt, heard the jabbering of the excited monkeys. He knew that something was seriously amiss. Histah, the snake, had doubtless coiled his slimy fold about some careless Manu.

The youth hastened ahead. The monkeys were Meriem's friends. He would help them if he could. He traveled rapidly along the middle terrace. In the tree by Meriem's shelter he deposited his trophies of the hunt and called aloud to her. There was no answer.

He dropped quickly to a lower level She might be hiding from him.

Upon a great branch where Meriem often swung at indolent ease he saw Geeka propped up against the tree's great bole. What could it mean? Meriem had never left Geeka thus alone before. Korak picked up the doll and tucked it in his belt. He called again, more loudly; but no Meriem answered his summons. In the distance the jabbering of the excited Manus was growing less distinct.

Could their excitement be in any way connected with Meriem's disappearance? The bare thought was enough. Without waiting for Akut, who was coming slowly along some distance in his rear, Korak swung rapidly in the direction of the chattering mob. But a few minutes sufficed to overtake the rearmost.

At sight of him they fell to screaming and pointing downward ahead of them, and a moment later Korak came within sight of the cause of their rage.

The youth's heart stood still in terror as he saw the limp body of the girl across the hairy shoulders of a great bull ape. That she was dead he did not doubt; and in that instant there arose within him a something which he did not try to interpret, nor could have had he tried. But all at once the whole world seemed centered in that tender, graceful body—that frail, little body— hanging so pitifully limp and helpless across the bulging shoulders of the brute.

He knew then that little Meriem was his world—his sun, his moon, his stars—with her going had gone all light and warmth and happiness. A groan escaped his lips, and after that a series of hideous roars, more bestial than the beasts', as he dropped plummet-like in the mad descent toward the perpetrator of this hideous crime.

The bull ape turned at the first note of this new and menacing voice, and as he turned a new flame was added to the rage and hatred of the Killer, for he saw that the creature before him was none other than the king ape which had driven him away from the great anthropoids to whom he had looked for friendship and asylum.

Dropping the body of the girl to the ground the bull turned to battle anew for possession of his expensive prize; but this time he looked for an easy conquest. He, too, recognized Korak. Had he not chased him away from the amphitheatre without even having to lay a fang or paw upon him? With lowered head and bulging shoulders he rushed headlong for the smooth-skinned creature who was daring to question his right to his prey.

They met head on like two charging bulls, to go down together, tearing and striking. Korak forgot his knife. Rage and bloodlust such as his could not be satisfied only by the feel of hot flesh between rending fangs, by the gush of new life blood against his bare skin, for though he did not realize it, Korak, the Killer, was fighting for something more compelling than hate or revenge—he was a great male fighting another male for a she of his own kind.

So impetuous was the attack of the man-ape that he found his hold before the anthropoid could prevent him—a savage hold, with strong jaws closed upon a pulsing jugular, and there he clung, with closed eyes, while his fingers sought another hold upon the shaggy throat.

It was then that Meriem opened her eyes. At the sight before her they went wide.

"Korak!" she cried. "Korak! My Korak! I knew that you would come! Kill him, Korak! Kill him!" And with flashing eyes and heaving bosom the girl, coming to her feet, ran to Korak's side to encourage him.

Near by lay the Killer's spear, where he had flung it as he charged the ape. The girl saw it and snatched it up. No faintness overcame her in the face of this battle primeval at her feet. For her there was no hysterical reaction from the nerve strain of her personal encounter with the bull. She was excited; but cool and entirely unafraid

Her Korak was battling with another Mangani that would have stolen her; but she did not seek safety of an overhanging bough there to watch the battle from afar, as a she Mangani would have done. Instead, she placed the point of Korak's spear against the bull-ape's side and plunged it deep into the savage heart.

Korak had not needed her aid, for the great bull had been already as good as dead, with the blood gushing from his torn jugular; but Korak rose, smiling, with a word of approbation for his helper.

How tall and fine she was! Had she changed suddenly within the few hour of his absence, or had his battle with the ape affected his vision? He might have been looking at Meriem through new eyes for the many startling and wonderful surprises his gaze revealed.

How long it had been since he had found her in her father's village, a little Arab girl, for he had no means of knowing; for time is of no import in the jungle, and so he had kept no track of the passing days. But he realized, as he looked upon her now, that she was no longer such a little girl as he had first seen playing with Geeka beneath the great tree just within the palisade.

The change must have been very gradual to have eluded his notice until now. And what was it that had caused him to realize it so suddenly?

His gaze wandered from the girl to the body of the dead bull. For the first time there flashed to his understanding the explanation of the reason for the girl's attempted abduction.

Korak's eyes went wide and then they closed to narrow slits of rage as he stood glaring down upon the abysmal brute at his feet. When next his glance rose to Meriem's face a slow flush suffused his own. Now, indeed, was he looking upon her through new eyes—the eyes of a man looking upon a maid.

Akut had come up just as Meriem had speared Korak's antagonist. The exultation of the old ape was keen. He strutted, stiff-legged and truculent, about the body of the fallen enemy He growled and upcurved his long, flexible lip. His hair bristled. He was paying no attention to Meriem and Korak.

Back in the uttermost recesses of his little brain something was stirring—something which the sight and smell of this great bull had aroused. The outward manifestation of the germinating idea was one of bestial rage; but the inner sensations were pleasureable in the extreme. The scent of the great bull and the sight of his huge and hairy figure had awakened in the heart of Akut a longing for the companionship of his own kind. So Korak was not alone undergoing a change.

And Meriem? She was a woman. It is woman's divine right to love. Always she had loved Korak. He was her big brother. Meriem alone underwent no change. She was still happy in the companionship of her Korak. She still loved him—as a sister loves an indulgent brother—and she was very, very proud of him. In all the jungle there was no other creature so strong, so handsome, or so brave.

Korak came close to her. There was a new light in his eyes as she looked up into them; but she did not understand it. She did not realize how close they were to maturity, nor aught of all the difference in their lives the look in Korak's eyes might mean.

"Meriem," he whispered, and his voice was husky as he laid a brown hand upon her bare shoulder. "Meriem!" Suddenly he crushed her to him. She looked up into his face laughing, and then he bent and kissed her full upon the mouth.

Even then she did not understand. She did not recall ever having been kissed before. It was very nice. Meriem liked it. She thought it was Korak's way of showing how glad he was that the great ape had not succeeded in running away with her.

She was glad, too, so she put her arms about the Killer's neck and kissed him again and again. Then, discovering Geeka in his belt, she transferred it to her own possession, kissing it as she had kissed Korak.

Korak wanted to say something. He wanted to tell her how he loved her; but the emotion of his love choked him and the vocabulary of the Mangani was limited.

Then came an interruption. It was from Akut—a sudden, low growl, no louder than those he had been giving vent to the while he pranced about the dead bull, nor half so loud in fact; but of a timbre that bore straight to the perceptive faculties of the jungle beast ingrained in Korak. It was a warning.

Korak looked up quickly from the glorious vision of the sweet face so close to his. Now his other faculties awake. His ears, his nostrils were on the alert. Something was coming.

The Killer moved to Akut's side. Meriem was just behind them. The three stood like carved statues gazing straight into the leafy tangle of the jungle. The noise that had attracted their attention incresaed, and presently a great ape broke through the underbrush a few paces from where they stood.

The beast halted at sight of them. He gave a warning back over his shoulder, and a moment later, coming cautiously, another bull appeared. He was followed by others—both bulls and females, with young, until two score hairy monsters stood glaring at the three. It was the tribe of the dead king-ape. Akut was the first to speak. He pointed to the body of the dead bull.

"Korak, mighty fighter, has killed your king," he grunted. "There is none greater in all the jungle than Korak, son of Tarzan. Now Korak is king. What bull is greater than Korak?"

It was a challenge to any bull who might care to question Korak's right to the kingship. The apes jabbered and chattered and growled among themselves for a time. At last a young bull came slowly forward, rocking upon his short legs, bristling, growling terrible.

The beast was enormous, and in the full prime of his strength. He belonged to that almost extinct species for which white men have long sought upon the information of the natives of the more inaccessible jungles. Even the natives seldom see these great, hairy primordial men.

Korak advanced to meet the monster. He, too, was growling. In his mind a plan was revolving. To close with this powerful, untired brute, after having just passed through a terrific battle with another of his kind would have been to tempt defeat. He must find an easier way to victory.

Crouching, he prepared to meet the charge which he knew would soon come; nor did he have long to wait. His antagonist paused only for sufficient time to permit him to recount for the edification of the audience and the confounding of Korak a brief resume of his former victories, of his prowess, and of what he was about to do to this puny Tarmangani. Then he charged.

With clutching fingers and wide opened jaws he came down upon the waiting Korak with the speed of an express train. Korak did not move until the great arms swung to embrace him, then he dropped low beneath them, swung a terrific right to the side of the beast's jaw as he sidestepped his rushing body, and swerving quickly about, stood ready for the fallen ape where he sprawled upon the ground.

It was a surprised anthropoid that attempted to scramble to its feet. Froth flecked its hideous lips. Red were the little eyes. Blood curdling roars tumbled from the deep chest. But it did not reach its feet. The Killer stood waiting above it, and the moment that the hairy chin came upon the proper level another blow that would have felled an ox sent the ape over backward.

Again and again the beast struggled to arise, but each time the mighty Tarmangani stood waiting with ready fist and piledriver blow to bowl him over. Weaker and weaker became the efforts of the bull. Blood smeared his face and breast. A red stream trickled from nose and mouth. The crowd that had cheered him on at first with savage yells, now jeered him—their approbation was for the Tarmangani.

"Kagoda?" inquired Korak, as he sent the bull down once more.

Again the stubborn bull essayed to scramble to his feet. Again the Killer struck him a terrific blow. Again he put the question—kagoda—have you had enough?

For a moment the bull lay motionless. Then from between battered lips came the single word: "Kagoda!"

"Then rise and go back among your people," said Korak. "I do not wish to be king among people who once drove me from them. Keep your own ways, and we will keep ours. When we meet we may be friends, but we shall not live together."

An old bull came slowly toward the Killer.

"You have killed our king," he said. "You have defeated him who would have been king. You could have killed him had you wished. What shall we do for a king?"

Korak turned toward Akut.

"There is your king," he said.

But Akut did not want to be separated from Korak, although he was anxious enough to remain with his own kind. He wanted Korak to remain, too. He said as much.

The youth was thinking of Meriem—of what would be best and safest for her. If Akut went away with the apes there would be but one to watch over and protect her. On the other hand, were they to join the tribe he would never feel safe to leave Meriem behind when he went out to hunt, for the passions of the ape-folk are not overwell controlled.

Even a female might develop an insane hatred for the slender white girl and kill her during Korak's absence.

"We will live near you," he said at last. "When you change your hunting ground, we will change ours, Meriem and I, and so remain near you; but we shall not dwell among you."

Akut raised objections to this plan. He did not wish to be separated from Korak. At first he refused to leave his human friend for the companionship of his own kind; but when he saw the last of the tribe wandering off into the jungle again, and his glance rested upon the lithe figure of the dead king's young mate as she cast admiring glances at her lord's successor, the call of blood would not be denied.

With a farewell glance toward his beloved Korak, he turned and followed the she-ape into the labyrinthe mazes of the wood.

To Be Continued.

Attractive Offers for Club Raisers

November Propositions Are Liberal—Read Them Carefully.

A great variety of most attractive renewal rewards are offered those whose subscriptions or subscription clubs expire in November. The premiums and bonuses will certainly make it quite worth while to subscribe again and raise clubs.

Knowing what a fine paper the Blade is you realize how small an effort is required to organize a nice large club. You who have been a Blade subscriber will find it easy to make your friends and neighbors enthusiastic readers of this stalwart journal of American ideals. You know how it appeals to man, woman and child. The farmer, the business man and the woman of the house find it a helpful guide to highest efficiency at home or in trade. It ministers to every need of the mind. It entertains, it educates, it informs. All the news of all the world is published in the Weekly Blade, crystalized so that you may know almost at a glance what is happening all over the earth. Fiction stories by the foremost novelists of the day. Poetry, essays, philosophy—all in the Weekly Blade. The Peace Page is an institution which no other newspaper or magazine in the country can boast of. The Question and Answer department is so complete and so dependable. Surely the Weekly Blade is worth a Dollar a year. Yet, if you take advantage of our special propositions you get this big value at a great saving.

The great popularity of The Blade, together with the exceptionally low price, makes it very easy to raise a large club, and as an appreciation for your assistance in helping us to enlarge our list, we offer a variety of useful articles absolutely free. Our premiums for this season are without doubt the most attractive we have ever offered. Every article is of the usual "Blade quality," and, as you know, needs no further recommendation.

We particularly wish to call to your attention our new and beautiful line of Wm. A. Rogers' Silverware in the new Leyland design. This pattern is rich and beautiful in its perfect symmetry and is finished in the tasteful French gray style. All silverware is of the same pattern, so that by raising a few small clubs of subscribers, you can very soon have a complete set. We shall continue to offer Lace Curtains and Lace Bed Sets, because of the increasing demand for these useful household articles.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 names or more, thereby availing themselves of our liberal proposition. This proposition is not made as a general one to all of our subscribers, as it would be impossible to serve all at once. Therefore, this offer is made to November subscribers only, and 30 days later the December subscribers will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month.

Kaiser's Brother Admiral.

A Vienna telegram says that Emperor Francis Joseph has appointed Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, a grand admiral of the Austrian navy, an honorary title.

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT SHOWED RARE JUDGMENT

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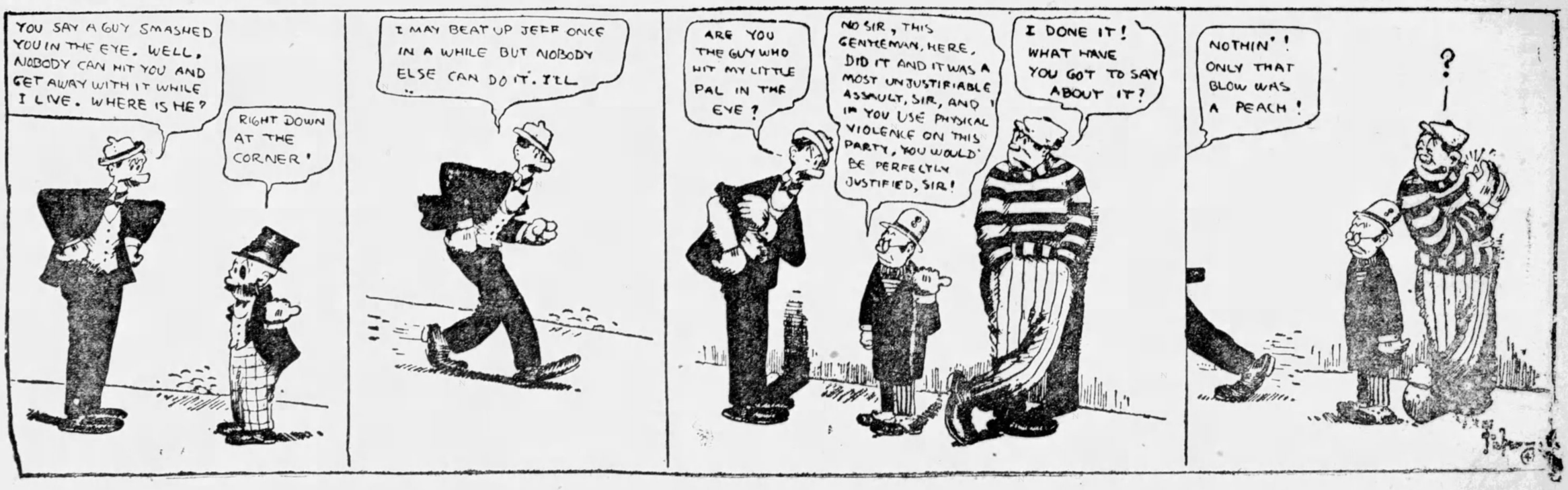
"BUD" FISHER


YOU SAY A GUY SMASHED YOU IN THE EYE. WELL, NOBODY CAN HIT YOU AND GET AWAY WITH IT WHILE I LIVE. WHERE IS HE?
RIGHT DOWN AT THE CORNER!
I MAY BEAT UP JEFF ONCE IN A WHILE BUT NOBODY ELSE CAN DO IT. I'LL
ARE YOU THE GUY WHO HIT MY LITTLE PAL IN THE EYE?
NO SIR, THIS GENTLEMAN, HERE, DID IT AND IT WAS A MOST UNJUSTIFIABLE ASSAULT, SIR, AND IF YOU USE PHYSICAL VIOLENCE ON THIS PARTY, YOU WOULD BE PERFECTLY JUSTIFIED, SIR!
I DONE IT! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT?
NOTHIN'! ONLY THAT BLOW WAS A PEACH!
?

TOLEDO BLADE

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Always mention The Toledo Weekly Blade when answering advertisements in this publication.

It's the man behind the diplomatic phrase who counts.

Hope is a good eye opener. So is twiddling the toes.

Mothers of soldiers and marines who were killed in Mexico can't believe that Mr. Wilson has kept the country out of war.

Another pessimist is the fellow who fears the new United States coins won't stack.

Mr. Hughes does not permit the police to throw the hecklers out of his audiences. When he gets through with them they feel put out.

Human nature is not at its best during a political campaign.

Of course, if candidates looked like the cartoons they wouldn't have been nominated.

Your candidate sheds the refulgence of his intelligence upon any given subject. The other fellow's candidate harps and harangues.

What is left of Aunt Sarah Bernhardt is quite popular in this country.

The larger the hole the more digestible the doughnut.

Usually, when two intoxicated men get into an argument, they are both wrong.

B. L. T., in the Chicago Tribune, suggests this way out: "Thank God for Wilson and vote for Hughes."

Germany is planning another big loan. Time will fly fast for European nations when their loans begin to fall due. Everybody knows how it is with a small promissory note.

Success would be a great bother to a lazy man.

No use to ask Vice President Marshall what he would have done. Tom would have resigned.

A campaign manager is a wonderful man. He can sweep the country for his candidate with the wave of his hand.

Having the eagle on the new half dollar in full flight is one of the appropriate things the Democratic administration has done.

Nothing is said any more about Salt Creek. It isn't even a pork barrel stream.

Dr. Eliot, who has not voted for a losing candidate since 1880, is for Wilson. And President Lowell, who never voted for a losing candidate in his life, is for Hughes. This is the only development of the campaign that indicates a tie.

Swallowing the lump in his throat won't satisfy a hungry man.

President Wilson has injected at least one strong element of truth into the campaign. He says Mrs. Wilson is better to look at than he is.

Mount Lassen is in eruption again. But there is no way of determining whether it is for Hughes or Wilson.

Irvin Cobb says there is no success without hard work. Irvin talks like an old-fashioned copy book.

Who would have thought that a "tank" would ever qualify as an irresistible force?

This country has had two Thanksgivings in spite of the European war. And the prospects are good for another.

Columbus' discovery of America is one achievement with which few people have any fault to find.

One must admire the gentle morning glory. It comes out of the frosty night and, turning its radiant sweetness toward the rising sun, seems to say: "Give me one more kiss before I go."

An undercurrent won't elect a minority President.

Peace is bound to come. And it may come like war, when many are arguing that it is impossible.

There is one gesture all campaign orators have overlooked. None of them wind up like a baseball pitcher.

A Tariff-Made Industry.

The pearl button industry of the United States owes its existence entirely to the tariff. With the bars up, it flourishes. With the bars down, it wanes in the blast of cheap labor competition.

The industry was created by the protection afforded it under the McKinley act. It utilized the shellfish of American streams, a resource wholly without value save for the pearls occasionally found. The industry grew until it employed about 25,000 workers and provided living for many hundreds of men engaged in mussel fishing. In the last year of a Republican tariff, the value of imported pearl buttons amounted to only $91,280, while the home production was worth many millions of dollars. In the fiscal year of 1915 when the Underwood tariff prevailed, the value of pearl button imports amounted to $212,369. The home industry at the same time suffered from depression. Far fewer operatives were employed than usually. The trade in shells fell off.

Millionaires are not made in this industry. The costs of the manufactures have never been burdensome. The industry is yet worth while to us for the business made, the employment given, the natural resource utilized. It ought to be considered worth retaining. And it could be retained if the tariff were framed with the idea of the welfare of Americans in mind rather than the welfare of the played-out doctrine of free trade.

Hundred Billions for War.

A French economist has been comparing the costs of the great European conflict with the costs of other wars. He finds that if this conflict goes into the third year, it will have been as expensive as all the wars from Napoleon I. to August, 1914.

The twenty years of the Napoleonic cost about fifteen billions of dollars. Eleven or twelve billions were spent on the Crimean war. The American civil war cost seven and a half billions. About a half billion was consumed in the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866. France spent $2,499,000,000 in its affair with Germany in 1870. In this sum are included the losses to the state, the communes and municipalities, the injuries to individuals and the charges involved in caring for the German soldiers up to the final evacuation.

For three years of the present war, the economist estimates a cost in excess of one hundred billions. France alone has spent about ten billions. England and Germany are involved for much more. Russia has spent money like water, but may be coming out better than its enemies and allies. Servia and Montenegro are ruined. Turkey is nearly ruined.

The problems of war are enormous.. But to the financies of the next few generations they may seem as nothing compared with the problems of reconstruction.

Concerning Sectionalism.

In his speech in Indianapolis, President Wilson declared that "any man who revives the issue of sectionalism is unworthy of the confidence of the nation."

It may be that Mr. Wilson's opponents have revived the issue, but it was Mr. Wilson and his fellow Democrats who revived sectionalism itself. The important chairmanships of house and senate are held by southerners, northern members of congress capturing such attractive assignments as chairmen of the committees on private land claims, industrial exhibitions and disposition of useless papers in the executive departments. The bulk of the choice appointments has gone to the southerners. The south has been ravenously greedy for pork, and has obtained it. It has been greedy for private control of publicly owned waterpower. The civil service laws have suffered their most severe attack from southern place-hunters, political bosses and distributors of patronage.

If this is not sectionalism, it would be hard to say what it is.

Who deserves less confidence—the party which revives sectionalism or the party which directs attention to it? In Mr. Wilson's opinion, seemingly, it is all right to sin against the public good, but a vicious thing to point it out and protest against it.

The Lot of Wanderers.

He was more street singer than the "poor street preacher" he said he was. Song was his gift, and wisely he confined his sermonizng to the brief rests compelled by the hard competition with the honking automobile and the trolley cars screaching around the corner.

"Where is my wand'ring boy tonight?
The boy of my tend'rest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer."

It was the song he sang oftenest, the one that seemed to wipe cynicism and suspicion and dissipation from the faces of his audience, that caused the big drum, turned flat upon the pavement, to thump with thrown nickels and dimes. For the audience was of wanderers—casual laborers, the youths crowded out of small towns by the want of things to busy their hands, the boys for whom the old farm held out nothing save endless labor and dreary monotony, the mechanics who are whipped here and there with the tides of changing employment. Neither the exhorter nor his congregation knew why there were so many wanderers. To them both, roving was something individual, voluntary and shameful. They did not seem to be aware that half the world of work was wandering. They knew only that factories were crying for men, that foremen asked few questions and that any agile person could hop freight cars.

"Go for my wand'ring boy tonight,
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

We wonder if, when the Aryans poured into Europe, the adventurers broke the bonds of home to people America, the young men climbed the Wilderness Trail with Boone, there were men to reproach the wanderers and songs to tear at their hearts. The impulse that caused those great migrations was probably as little understood as this movement that keeps labor afoot and restless. Until we can look back to it as something that has ceased to be we may, like the street singer, carry rebuke in our voices. It is the lot of the wanderers.

The Droolers.

In every movement and every party there is, as Colonel Roosevelt pointed out some years ago, a lunatic fringe.

If art has interested itself in a new way to splash up a canvas there appear cubists and futurists. If there is a strike there are unionists who clamor for the use of the torch, labor baiters who demand that the military and police come running to clap everybody with a union button into jail. These lunatics are no more escapable than flies in a glucose factory or mandolin players at a college.

A syndicate of newspapers is running this conglomeration of wild and whirling words:

"Let no American mother or father or youth of soldier age be fooled! A Hughes victory in November means war. Instead of happy families, family funerals. Instead of full dinner pails, full coffins. Instead of an America as anchor of civilization, an America mad with the blood lust that is burning churches, homes, schoolhouses, starving or outraging women and children, polluting the minds and hearts of men over almost all the rest of the world."

It would not only be foolish, but also unfair, to blame Mr. Wilson, his party managers and campaigners, for this foaming at the mouth. They are not responsible. In spite of rules and regulations, high fences and barbwire entanglements, the cold shoulder and the corner cop, idiots will identify themselves with every cause. Rough on rats cannot keep them out.

We don't want Mr. Wilson to win, but sportsmanship demands advantage should not be taken of the fact that the lunatic fringe of his party is more than ordinarily afflicted with drooling. Perhaps it has a stand-in with a dope peddler.

ABE MARTIN

These are great days fer burglars, with mother an' father both lined up in political parades.

How some woman gits her work done is th' leadin' mystery ever' neighborhood.

HORSE AND AUTO

BY WALT MASON

A year ago I drove a steed, and said, "A horse is better far (although deficient in his speed) than any chugging motor car. A horse is mankind's faithful friend, a thing of spirit, heart and sense, and serves you well till in the end, he kicks your through a barbed wire fence." My wife grew weary of our plug, that often needed whip and goad; "I want a car that goes chug-chug," she said, "and burns the dusty road." The man who wants a peaceful life, with minimum of jolt and jar, will always strive to please his wife—and so I bought a motor car. The motor car I now endorse, and often wonder how a man can have the nerve to drive a horse, the most distinctive also ran. I meet old Dobbin on the road, and weep with pity for his woes; how earnestly he hates his load, and, jiminy, how slow he goes! A million flies are on his legs, his busy tail brings no relief; in every movement Dobbin begs for chloroform, to end his grief. The flies can't bite my motor car, and so I blithely scorch along, no spavins can my pleasure mar, I fill the throbbing air with song.

Copyright by George Matthew Adams.

Get the Wall Up.

The tariff commission, the moment it is organized, should lose no time in preparing to begin to commence to get down to work. Now is the hour for it to work. For tomorrow it may be almost too late.

The war has served the purposes of a protective tariff. But the moment peace is signed, the blockaded ports opened and industry turned from the manufacture of war goods to peaceful production, foreign manufactures will be on their way across the water. Then, the present low tariff will be shown up for what it is, an invitation to competition, a gateway to a dumping ground for cheap labor products. The wall will be down.

It should be the business of the tariff commission to raise a new wall before our factories shall be closed by the only salvation for our present prosperity, the only assurance of continued employment and high wages.

Blowing Hot and Cold.

At the same time that Norman Hapgood in the east was denouncing Mr. Hughes as a pro-German, Senator Reed in St. Louis was telling the German sympathizers that President Wilson was pro-German in sentiment. At the moment that Mr. Wilson was spurning the votes of German-Americans, Senator Stone was gum-shoeing into Victor Ridder's office and informing him that Mr. Wilson's talk "was only for public consumption" and inviting Mr. Ridder to visit the White House, where he would find a welcome most cordial.

At first one might decide that the Democratic managers have licensed their orators and electioneers to campaign as it pleased each one's fancy. But examining into it more deeply, a person perceives the well-known Wilsonian design of checks and balances, backing and filling, correcting the brave word with the whispered compromise, moving with the wind where it listeth.

Mr. Hughes wil not get lost in the campaign so long as he makes shots like this: "The administration asks for a vote of confidence, but its defenders cry out in protest when its record is critically examined."

The brotherhood of man gets a backset during a political campaign. We're no more than half brother to the fellow on the opposite side.

Apt women are taking to politics. Some of them have acquired the technical points, and can nail a campaign lie.

Grasshoppers are said to be a delicacy. However, we do not find them quoted in the provision market.

The thought is a hard blow to sentiment, but love doesn't thrive on an empty stomach.

Few persons are critical of art as expressed in money designs.

VARIETIES

New Zealand exported 44,628 gallons of whale oil during 1914.

The ordinary year ends on the same day of the week as that on which it begins.

Color blindness is said to have been discovered by the famous Dr. Priestly, in 1777.

The French colonies produce fully one-half of the vanilla beans raised in the world.

No less than 5,000 inventions have been submitted to the naval board in seven months.

Colorada uses more than 2,000,000 electrical horsepower every day to run its industries.

In Norway there is being built a plant that will produce 4,000 tons of aluminum annually.

Greenheart wood from British Guiana is said to outlast iron or steel when used under water.

North and South America together produce at present about 78 per cent of the world's copper supply.

The largest sponge ever found came from the Mediterranean. It was more than 10 feet in circumference.

The snowy top of Mt. Everest in India is plainly visible to the unaided eye from points 107 miles distant.

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by Filipino women from a fiber obtained from pineapple leaves.

Sixty miles of thread woven from the fiber of a species of Italian nettle weighs only two and a half pounds.

Spain prohibits the importation of cottonseed oil unless previously rendered unfit for human consumption.

An English inventor's electrical tool for removing boiler scale delivers 8,000 hammering and tearing strikes a minute.

Only one out of 160 inmates of a certain lunatic asylum had red hair, and only four were of light hair and complexion.

For outdoor sports a St. Louis man has invented a program that can be fastened to a person's hat to form an eyeshade.

Paris has the largest steam turbine electric plant in Europe, a street railway power station producing 120,000-horsepower.

Japan is estimated to have exported 85,000,000 pounds of tea in 1915, as compared with 65,000,000 pounds the year before.

French chemists observed the centenary of the discovery of iodine by erecting a tablet in the birthplace of its discoverer.

An Indian tribe in Bolivia shuns the whites and lives as in the stone age, making tools and weapons of stone, bone and wood.

Russian railroads protect ties and telephone poles against decay by soaking them several months before use in strong brine.

A brilliant and permanent green can be produced from the juice of the stalk and leaves of nettles and is used to dye woolen stuffs.

A New York inventor's motorcycle-streetsweeper does the work of five men with brooms and does it more quickly and thoroughly.

The fishermen of the gold coast of Africa devote each Tuesday to the sea god, doing no fishing, but utilizing the time to mend their nets.

Portable houses that can be carried in an automobile and set up in a short time in any convenient camping place, are a French invention.

The world's greatest hydroelectric plant, planned for India, will deliver water to the turbines at a pressure of 680 pounds to the square inch.

English street railways are experimenting with a compound rail, the worn parts of which can be renewed without disturbing the roadbed.

An anonymous Frenchman has offered a $10,000 prize for the mechanical apparatus that will best supply the place of a missing human hand.

In a watch made for exhibition there is a wheel that makes a revolution in four years, operating a dial which shows the years, months and days.

A patented rubber substitute is made by mixing gelatine with glycerine and a solution of camphor in acetone and treating the mass with sulphur.

Estimates made by the department of agriculture put the 1916 beet sugar acreage at 768,500 acres. This is 104,200 more than in 1915 and 254,000 than in 1914.

The vacuum principle has been applied to an ice cream freezer that freezes its contents automatically in half an hour and keeps it frozen eight hours.

A series of electric buttons, the correct combination of which to produce results is known only to authorized persons, features one automobile starter.

Since the founding of the Pasteur institute in Paris there has been a steady decline in the number of cases of hydrophobia, none occurring some years.

Natives of the eastern slopes of the Andes in Bolivia scatter the juice of a tree on streams to render fish insensible so they can be caught in the hands.

When a torpedo is discharged, water of the same weight automatically flows into the submarine's tanks, so that the poise of the vessel is preserved.

Sunday School

THE SHIP THAT COULD NOT BE WRECKED

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 29 Is "The Voyage."—Acts 27:1-38.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

"All aboard!" Enough of riots and conspiracies and venomous ecclesiastics and petty kings. Paul is through with his adventures on land, for a time, at least, and takes ship for Rome. He has appealed to Caesar and to Caesar he must go. Here begins the most famous sea voyage in all literature.

These waters of the Mediterranean, which shine so blue as they lap the shore of Caesarea, can be as boisterous and powerful and treacherous as the mid-Atlantic. All the literature of the classics that deals with the sea means this "Middle Sea" or "Great Sea," now newly in the world's thought because of the troopships and war vessels that at the present time crowd its waters. I myself have sailed most of the seas of earth, but none can approach in historic interest or natural beauty this great land-locked sea which has borne upon its bosom the commerce and navies of all the great nations, from remotest antiquity.

Pitifully small to our eyes seems the craft in which Paul embarked for his momentous voyage. It could be hidden in one of the holds of a modern liner. It had no motive power except heavy sails and man-pulled oars. It was entirely of wood and had no division into compartments, or any of the other safety devices of modern seamanship. When trouble arose it could not call by wireless, and when stars and sun were blotted out, the mariners were at a dead loss, for they had no compass. Stout were the hearts of the sailors who adventured the cruel Mediterranean in such frail vessels.

The Voyage of Romance.

Because the greatest historian in the world was aboard the little boat as companion to the distinguished prisoner, Paul of Tarsus, we have a graphic account of the storms and final shipwreck. Dr. Luke and Brother Aristarchus, of Thessalonica, were the sort of friends who stand by in adversity. Aristarchus, it will be remembered, was with Paul in the riot at Ephesus, and underwent imprisonment for him. Of him, and two others, the apostle wrote, at the close of his letter to the Colossions, "They are men who have been a comfort to me." What it meant to Paul, as he saw the shores of Caesarea fade, to have by his side Luke, the peerless historian, whose writings we are now studying, and Aristarchus, the humble, devoted helper who was ever alert to ease his leader's lot, we can easily imagine. In heaven's histories account is taken of all these inconspicuous sharers in a great work. There the wives of the ministers, the women who support the prayer meetings and missionary societies and teach the Sunday school classes will not be without their need of reward.

Because Dr. Luke, with his observant eye, was aboard the ship, we have this complete record of the romantic voyage. He makes us see, by a few lines, the gentlemanly officer, Captain Julius; the few other prisoners; the brutal soldiers, the cowardly sailors and the thrifty owner. We can follow every mile of the great journey.

Sidon, rock-bound old Sidon, with its streets vaulted like tunnels, and its effulgent orange groves, was the first stop, and there, by the courtesy of Julius, Paul was allowed to fellowship with his friends. Thence the boat bore across the sea, under the lee of Cyprus (now a British island, where the warships foregather) and ran up the coast of Asia Minor, along the route at present patrolled by the allied fleet. That carried them past Paul's old home, Tarsus. We wonder what were his sensations as he stood by the rail, looking toward the familiar Cilician Plain, and the Taurus mountains beyond.

At Myra the prisoners were transferred to another ship, one from Alexandria, in Egypt, bound for Italy. This was the craft which, with the 276 souls aboard, underwent the later furies of the storm. The real troubles began at Crete, where the ship sought for harbor at Fair Havens. This was the same Crete that we have of late been reading about in the newspapers, which has revolted from the Athens government, and in which Mr. Venezelos has raised the standard of rebellion.

An Old Sea-Tale.

From this point, let us permit Dr. Luke, in whose ears was the shriek of the wind, and beneath whose feet the frail bark had trembled, and who had shared in all the counsels of the storm-tossed leaders, tell the story for himself. I quote from a modern translation of the Greek in which he wrote:

"Our voyage thus far had occupied a considerable time, and the navigation being now unsafe and the Fast also already over, Paul warned them.

" 'Sirs,' he said, 'I perceive that before long the voyage will be attended with danger and heavy loss, not only to the cargo and the ship, but to our own lives also.'

"But Julius let himself be persuaded by the pilot and by the owner rather than by Paul's arguments; and as the harbour was inconvenient for wintering in, the majority were in favour of putting out to sea, to try whether they could get to Phoenix—a harbour on the coast of Crete facing northeast and southeast—to winter there. And a light breeze from the south sprang up, so that they supposed they were now sure of their purpose. So weighing anchor they ran along the coast of Crete, hugging the shore.

"But it was not long before a furious northeast wind, coming down from the mountains, burst upon us and carried the ship out of her course. She was unable to make headway against the gale; so we gave up and let her drive. Then we ran under the lee of a little island called Cauda, where we managed with great difficulty to secure the boat; and, after hoisting it on board, they used frapping-cables to undergird the ship, and, as they were afraid of being driven on the Syrtis quicksands, they lowered the gear and lay to. But, as the storm was still violent, the next day they began to lighten the ship, and, on the third day, with their own hands they threw the ship's spare gear overboard. Then, when for several days neither sun nor stars were seen and the terrific gale still harrasses us, the last ray of hope was now vanishing.

"When for a long time they had taken but little food, Paul, standing up among them, said,

"Sirs, you ought to have listened to me and not have sailed from Crete. You would then have escaped this suffering and loss. But now take courage, for there will be no destruction of life among you, but of the ship only. For there stood by my side, last night, an angel of the God to whom I belong, and whom also I worship, and He said,

"Dismiss all fear, Paul, for you must stand before Caesar; and God has granted you the lives of all who are sailing with you."

" 'Therefore, Sirs, take courage; for I believe God, and am convinced that things will happen exactly as I have been told. But we are to be stranded on a certain island.'

"It was now in the fourteenth night, and we were drifting through the Sea of Adria, when, about midnight, the sailors suspected that land was close at hand. So they hove the lead and found twenty fathoms of water; and after a short time they hove again and found fifteen fathoms. Then for fear of possibly running on rocks, they threw out four anchors from the stern and waited impatiently for daylight. The sailors, however, wanted to make their escape from the ship, and had lowered the boat into the sea, pretending that they were going to lay out anchors from the bow. But Paul, addressing Julius and the soldiers, said,

" 'Your lives will be sacrificed, unless these men remain on board.'

"Then the soldiers cut the ropes of the ship's boat and let her fall off.

"And continually, up till daybreak, Paul kept urging all on board to take some food.

" 'This is the fourteenth day,' he said, 'that you have been anxiously waiting for the storm to cease, and have fasted, eating little or nothing. I therefore strongly advise you to take some food. This is essential for your safety. For not a hair will perish from the head of any of you.'

"Having said this he took some bread, and, after giving thanks to God for it before them all, he broke it in pieces and began to eat it. This raised the spirits of all, and they too took food. There were 276 of us, crew and passengers, all told. After eating a hearty meal they lightened the ship by throwing the wheat overboard."

A Prisoner to the Fore.

One marvels at the primacy of Paul in all the experience of the voyage. He was only a passenger and a prisoner. Yet his counsel was taken before that of the experts. The reason is simple. Captain Julius, and everybody aboard the ship, knew Paul for a distinguished personage, who had received marked attention from two governors and a king, and who was bound for Rome with an appeal to Caesar himself. More than that the personality of the man vindicated his pre-eminence. In a time of trouble, real ability comes to the fore. Adversity tests men. In many a battle, the sergeant or corporal has gone before the captain or the lieutenant. Every critical situation reveals new heroes and leaders. Because Paul was the greatest man aboard the ship, he naturally assumed the leadership.

Although they did not fully understand its significance, all the men aboard the boat realized that this man Paul had personal relations with the Supreme Ruler of sea and earth. They knew him as God's man. And when death comes a near neighbor, it is the man of God to whom we look, even as everybody aboard the wrecked "Spree," in 1892 turned to Mr. Dwight L. Moody for leadership in intercession with the Lord of the waters.

Of all the precious cargoes that have been carried across the Mediterranean, this lumbering leaky ship from Alexandria held the most priceless. For Paul bore that which was mightier than the laws of Rome, mightier than the philosophy of Greece, mightier than the legions of the Caesars or the navy of the Persians. He was custodian of the revolutionary Gospel of Christ, that was destined to enter the decadent life of Rome and be a leaven straightway of sincerity, purity, mercy and love.

Much folly is uttered in the name of "evolution." Rome was devoluting toward death. Her progress was downward, despite all her wealth and wisdom. Yet this Gospel which Paul carried was able to cut athwart these natural tendencies, and at once make clean, holy and happy men and women out of these Romans. Out of the ruins of old heathen Rome grew the Holy Roman Empire, because of the truth of which Paul was the messenger. That little ship was more important to the world's welfare than any other that ever sailed the seas. It held the beginnings of a new world order, far mightier than any that Rome instituted.

More Diamonds.

A new diamond field has been discovered in the Transvaal, about six miles from the famous Premier diamond mine and 18 miles from Pretoria. The first finds, it is reported, were exceedingly promising, and there has been a rush of diamond diggers to the new ground.

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No. 7944—Ladies' Apron.

A "worthwhile" design is this one, with the apron and bib sections joined to the belt without fullness. Separate revers are stitched to the bib; they are finished with edging or scalloping, as are all free edges. The bib ends cross the shoulders and button at the neck back. A pocket with a gathered top completes the garment. Dainty for work that is not hard; to make from the pattern is no work. Cut in one size only. To make will require 1½ yds. 36-in. material and 2⅞ yds. edging.

No. 8003—Maternity Dress.

Cut in sizes 34 to 44 in. bust measure. From the fashion standpoint this dress lacks nothing in appeal. The surplice waist, with rever fronts in contrasting note, to show an attractive chemisette that fills the long V neck, adds much to the graceful lines of the garment. The full length sleeve is cuffed to match the collar.

No. 7986—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The hood collar is only one of the attractive features of this shirt waist. The smart and popular frill effect is given by the revers in material of coin-spot design, stitched to the fronts that are gathered to the shoulder seams. The diagonal closing is another successful style treatment.

No. 7971—Boys' Suit.

Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 yrs. This is an excellent design for kindergarten wear, or play. Bands of contrasting goods cut bias to outline the square collar, finish the sleeve and for the novel closing outline, appropriately and attractively trim the blouse, which is belted at a lowered waistline. Either straight or bloomer trousers may be attached to an underwaist; the pattern provides for long sleeves if you prefer them.

No. 7898—Ladies' Set of Sleeves.

Cut in sizes small, medium and large. To give a sleeve a fascinating effect, an ornamental cuff and some buttons can do wonders, as the designs before you clearly show. No. 1 is artistic with a puff at the elbow. No. 2 is fitted to the arm below, finishes with a slight flare and without a cuff. No. 3, with a long cuff section gathered to the cap and below, to a point cuff. No. 4 is dainty with shirring at the wrist and a frill to finish. No. 5 is a novel style with straight projection of material at elbow and buttons to define a self-forming cuff fitted to the arm and reaching to just below the elbow. No. 6 is like No. 1, with a shorter cuff.

No. 7973—Misses' Dress.

Cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. The superior Russian blouse dress in this illustration has the upper edges of the fronts and back gathered to deep yokes. The collar in opposing color and fitted cuffs in two-tone effect have style reputation. The skirt is cut in three gores.

No. 7985—Girls' Dress.

In the juvenile class of tasteful dresses this one belongs. It shows the decided vogue for contrasting goods in children's wear, which for obvious reasons will continue throughout the winter. The separate guimpe, which has a front closing, is finely tucked at the center, showing in oval vest effect. The overdress is cut in one piece.

Cut in sizes 6, 8 and 10 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36-in. goods 2¼ yards braid, 1¼ yards for guimpe and 2 yards edging.

No. 7975—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

Cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure. A new waist that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of smartness or comfort is shown in the illustration. It is made with a vest front, has a deep, square collar with fringe in contrasting color and following its edge; the sleeve is gathered into a point cuff that corresponds.

Private employers of female labor in Great Britain pay them from $3.75 to $5 per week.

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On test cases, he could completely remove all signs of Catarrh from nose and throat, but in a few weeks they were back.

Careful experiments and investigations have shown that as the troubles were expelled from the nose and throat, the real cause of the disease was overlooked and in a short time the Catarrh would return stronger than ever. Mr. Gauss has gone way ahead of the ordinary methods of treatment and has provided a remedy that

Removes the Cause

and Immediately Gives Relief to the Nose and Throat

Reese Jones, of Scranton, Penn., says that after trying many other treatments, he used this new method and—"My nose is now entirely clear and free and I am not bothered by the disease any more. The New Combined Treatment is worth its weight in gold."

Temporary relief from catarrh may be obtained in other ways, but the New Combined Treatment must inevitably be accepted for *permanent* results.

Sarah J. Cape, Mount Pelia, Tenn., says. "I suffered the pains and distress of catarrh for thirteen years and needless to state, tried nearly every method. But by your new method I was *completely* cured and you cannot imagine the joy that has come over me."

Trial Treatment FREE

This new method is so important to the welfare of humanity, so vital to every person suffering from any form of catarrh, that the opportunity to actually *test* it and *prove* its results, will be gladly extended without one cent of cost.

A large trial treatment, with complete, minute directions, will be sent free to any catarrh-sufferer.

Send no money, take no risks, make no promises. Simply clip, sign and mail the coupon and the test package of the New Combined Treatment will be sent, fully prepaid, together with the valuable book on Catarrh.

Goes to the Root of

- Stopped-up noses
- Constant "frog-in-the-throat"
- Nasal discharges
- Hawking and spitting
- Snoring at night
- Bad breath
- Frequent colds
- Difficult breathing
- Smothering sensation in dreams
- Sudden fits of sneezing
- Dry mucus in nose

and any of the other symptoms that indicate approaching or present catarrh

Send the Test Treatment FREE

C. E. GAUSS,
261 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

If your New Combined Treatment will relieve my Catarrh and bring me health and good spirits again, I am willing to be shown. So, without cost or obligation to me, send, fully prepaid, the Treatment and Book.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ALAUNIA, CUNARD LINER, STRIKES MINE AND SINKS

Big Vessel, Carrying Americans, Hits Mine in English Channel After Passengers Have Landed at Falmouth.

The Cunard liner Alaunia, bound from New York to Falmouth and London, was sunk by a mine in the English channel on Oct. 19.

All of the 243 passengers on the liner were landed at Falmouth before the vessel struck the mine, according to officials of the Cunard in New York. Some of the members of the crew were lost.

Superintendent Whatmough gave out this statement:

"All of the Alaunia's passengers were landed at Falmouth on Oct. 17. Some freight had also been taken from that liner at that port. We had previously received a cablegram giving us this information. The Alaunia was on her way from Falmouth to the Sulley docks in London to unload the balance of her freigth when she struck the mine."

The Alaunia carried 185 first class passengers and 58 steerage passengers. The Alaunia was 540 feet long and 64 feet in the beam. She could make an average speed of about 16 knots. There were 215 men in the Alaunia's crew.

Was Armed for Defense.

When the Alaunia left New York, she carried 18,000 tons of cargo, a large part of which consisted of war supplies. The Alaunia was a vessel of 8,261 tons. She was commanded by Captain H. M. Denison.

The text of the cablegram received at the Cunard ofices follows:

"Alaunia struck a mine in English channel Oct. 19. Sank during forenoon. Captain H. M. Denison and majority of the crew saved. Some missing."

The Alaunia was armed for defense against submarines. Included among her passengers were several Americans. She sailed from New York on the same day that the German submarine U-53 appeared in Newport harbor, leaving her pier about half an hour after the undersea fighter was reported there.

ENGLAND MAY EXTEND DRAFT RULE TO IRELAND

DISCUSSION NOW ON IN PARLIAMENT OVER CONSCRIPTION IS MOST IMPORTANT.

England's need of more men for her armies has come up again for discussion in the house of commons. This is the real vital question now confronting parliament, for it includes the possibility of extending conscription to Ireland. The discussion of man-power will not be limited to cover the British Isles, but will include the whole British empire.

It is declared that England needs at least 1,000,000 more men for the successful prosecution of the war. War Secretary Lloyd-George contends that the old conscription law is too loose and that it should be made more drastic to bring out those who are now "slacking."

This Simple Laxative A Household Necessity

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Should Have a Place in Every Home.

Constipation, or inaction of the bowels, a condition that nearly everyone experiences with more or less frequency, is the direct cause of much disease. When the bowels become clogged with refuse from the stomach, foul gases and poisons are generated, and unless the congestion is quickly relieved the system becomes weakened and most susceptible to attack.

Various remedies to relieve constipation are prescribed, but many of these contain cathartic or purgative agents that are harsh and violent in their action and shock the system. The most effective remedy is the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

The Hon. John D. Keister of Brandywine, W. Va., who has represented his district in the State Legislature for six years, writes that he uses Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and finds it a splendid laxative, easy to take and mild, yet positive, in its action, and that it should be in every household for use when needed.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists in all parts of the United States and costs only fifty cents a bottle. It contains no opiate or narcotic drug, does not gripe, and is

recommended as a family laxative, mild enough for the tiniest baby, yet sufficiently powerful to act easily on the strongest constitution.

To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes be sure to get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.—Adv.

NORWAY NOT TO EXCLUDES SUB

Scandinavian Nation Decides to Allow Belligerents in Neutral Waters.

Norway has informed the entente allies that it does not recognize it is its duty to prohibit passage through or sojourn in Norwegian waters by belligerent submarines.

The Norwegian note is in response to the memorandum of the entente powers to neutrals suggesting that belligerent submarines should be excluded from neutral waters.

The Norwegian government declares it considers it has the right to prohibit submarines designed for war purposes and belonging to belligerents from passing through Norwegian territorial waters or sojourning in them, and says it made use of this right in issuing the royal decree of October 13, under which belligerent submarines are forbidden to traverse Norwegian waters except in cases of emergency, when they must remain upon the surface and fly the national flag.

Must Not Submerge.

The decree also provides that mercantile submarines are to be allowed in Norwegian waters only in a surface position in full daylight and when flying the national colors.

Until experience has shown what difficulties may arise for maintenance of neutrality in consequence of the use of the commercial submarines, the note continues, the question of issuing special new regulations for such vessels cannot be taken into consideration. In view of the generally recognized principles of impartial neutrality, which were given clear expression in the introduction to the 13th treaty adopted at The Hague, the government says it is always necessary, during the existence of war, to avoid a change of neutrality regulations unless experience demonstrates the necessity of doing so in order to protect neutral states in their own rights.

Collin, Noted Artist, Dead.

Raphael Collin, Paris artist, is dead. He was 66 years old, an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Academie des Beaux Arts.

FREE to the RUPTURED

5,000 SUFFERERS TO GET FREE TRIAL PLAPAO

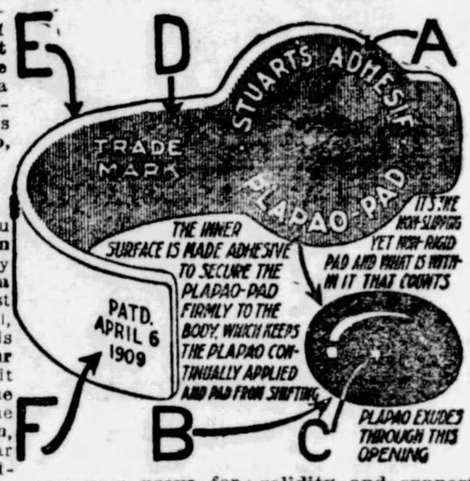
This generous offer is made by the inventor of a wonderful **"all-day-and-night"**-working method which is to be used to strengthen the relaxed muscles, thereafter **doing away with painful trusses altogether**, and the necessity for **dangerous** operations.

NOTHING TO PAY.

The first 5,000 sufferers who write will be sent a sufficient quantity of the **Plapao without charge** to enable you to give it a **thorough test. Nothing to pay** for this trial of **Plapao, now, or ever.**

STOP USING A TRUSS.

Yes, stop it, you **know** by your **own experience** it is only a **makeshift**, a **false prop** against a collapsing wall, and that it is **undermining your health** because it tends to **retard the circulation** of the **blood. Why, then, continue** to wear it? Here is a **better way**, which you can now **prove** for yourself, **free** of **charge.**


E
D
A
STUART'S ADHESIVE
TRADE MARK
PLAPAO PAD
IT'S THE NON-SLIPPERS YET NON-RIGID PAD AND WHAT IS WITH-IN IT THAT COUNTS
THE INNER SURFACE IS MADE ADHESIVE TO SECURE THE PLAPAO-PAD FIRMLY TO THE BODY, WHICH KEEPS THE PLAPAO CONTINUALLY APPLIED AND PAD FROM SHIFTING
PATD. APRIL 6 1909
F
B
C
PLAPAO EXUDES THROUGH THIS OPENING

USED FOR A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

First: The primary and **most important** object of the PLAPAO-PADS is to keep **constantly applied** to the relaxed muscles the medication called **Plapao, which is contractive** in nature, and **taken together** with the ingredients in the medicated mass is intended to **increase** the circulation of the blood, thus **revivifying** the muscles and **restoring them** to their **normal strength** and **elasticity. Then,** and **not until then,** can you **expect** the rupture to disappear.

Second: Being made self-adhesive, **purposely** to **prevent** the **pad** from **shifting,** they **have** therefore proven to be an **important adjunct** in retaining rupture that **cannot** be held by a truss.

Hundreds of people, old and young, have gone before on **officer qualified to acknowledge oaths,** and **swore** that the PLAPAO-PADS **cured** their ruptures—**some** of them most **aggravated** cases—and **of** long standing.

CONTINUOUS NIGHT-AND-DAY ACTION.

A **striking feature** of the Plapao-Pad system of treatment is the comparatively **short** time it takes to get **results.**

This is because the action is **continuous**—night and day, throughout the **whole** of the 24 hours.

There is **no** inconvenience, **no** discomfort, **no** pain. Yet, waking, or sleeping, **working** or **idling**—this wonderful **remedy** is invisibly **infusing the** abdominal **muscles** with the **new life and strength** they **require** to perform their rightful function of **keeping the bowels** in place without the **artificial** support of a truss or device of any kind.

THE PLAPAO-PAD EXPLAINED.

The **principle** upon which the **Plapao-Pad works** can be easily figured out by noting the accompanying illustration, and **reading** the following explanation:

The PLAPAO-PAD is made of a **strong flexible material** "E," which is **designed** to conform to the movements of **body,** and be **perfectly comfortable** to **wear.** Its inside surface is **adhesive (similar** to, yet **quite different** from an **adhesive** plaster)—to **prevent** the Pad "B" from **shifting** and **getting out of place.**

"A" is the **enlarged end** of the PLAPAO-PAD, which **overlies** the atrophied and weakened muscles to keep them from giving **away further.**

"B" is the properly shaped Pad, to be applied in such a way that it **blocks up** the **hernial orifice, and tends** to prevent the contents of the abdomen from protruding. Within the Pad is a reservoir. In this reservoir there is placed a wonderful **absorbent-astringent** medication. As soon as this **medication** is **warmed** by the heat of the body it becomes soluble and **escape** through the small **opening** marked "C" and is absorbed through the pores of the skin to **strengthen** the weakened muscles and effect a **closure of the opening.**

"F" is the long end of the PLAPAO-PAD which is to be plastered over the hipbone—a part of the framework of the body, calculated to give the necessary **solidity and support to the Plapao-Pad.**

PROVE IT AT MY EXPENSE.

Send no money. I want to **prove** to you at **my own expense** that you **can** conquer your rupture.

When the weak muscles recover their strength and elasticity—

And the unsightly, painful, dangerous protrusions disappear—

And that horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished never to return—

And you recover your vigor, vitality, energy, strength—

And you look and feel better in every way and your friends remark about your improved appearance—

Then you'll **know** your rupture is conquered—and you'll sincerely thank me for urging you so strongly to accept, NOW, this wonderful free trial.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL

Make a **personal** test of its value. Send **no money,** for the Free Trial Plapao costs you **nothing,** yet it **may bring** you a **Health-Restoration** more precious than **much fine gold. Accept this free "Trial" today,** and you will be glad you took advantage of this opportunity as long as you live. Write a post card or fill out this coupon **today,** and by **return mail** you will receive the **free trial Plapao,** with a **presentation** copy of Mr. Stuart's 48-page book on Rupture, containing full information regarding the method which was **awarded a Diploma with Gold Medal at Rome, and Diploma with Grand Prix at Paris,** which should be in the hands of every sufferer from this dreadful affliction.

If you have some friend who is ruptured tell him about this great offer.

5,000 readers can obtain this **free** treatment. The response is **certain** to be enormous. To avoid disappointment write NOW.

SEND COUPON TODAY TO
PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Inc.,
Block 757, St. Louis, Mo.

For **Free Trial Plapao and Book on Rupture.**

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao.

SOUTH IS SWEPT BY STORM AND ROCKED BY EARTHQUAKE RESULTING IN TWO DEATHS

The south was rocked by earthquake and swept by storm on Oct. 18. While a tropical hurricane was flaying the gulf coast, earth tremors overturned chimneys and frightened many people from their homes in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. The hurricane caused two deaths, and property and marine loss.

Although the wind attained a greater velocity than that which accompanied the storm of last July, both Mobile and Pensacola, the chief cities in the hurricane's path, suffered far less damage. The total loss, in the two cities, probably, will not exceed $100,000. The chief damage in Mobile, Ala., was to railway sheds and terminals and to telephone, telegraph, light and power wires. Several persons were blown through plate glass windows, but escaped serious injury.

At Pensacola the government aero plant escaped, but a grain elevator was badly damaged, and a railroad warehouse, as well as other buildings, unroofed. The electric light plant, also, was put out of commission, and all wires were down for 12 hours.

Train Service Crippled.

Train service from Pensacola to Jacksonville was suspended. Marine damage was heavy, both in Mobile and at the Florida port. Two small vessels here sank, while four boats were driven ashore. In addition, a number of small craft were damaged.

At Pensacola one steamer went down, three fishing boats were blown ashore, and two big freighters were damaged, when blown together during the gale. A cook on the sunken steamer was drowned, but the others of the crew were rescued.

Although the storm's intensity decreased, as it swept inland, southern Alabama suffered considerably, houses being unroofed and poles blown down at Opp and Troy, while minor damage was done in a number of other towns.

Accompanied by Earthquakes.

Standing timber, also, was said to have been leveled in many places, but the citrus fruit crop, in both Alabama and Florida, apparently, did not suffer to any great extent.

As the storm swept up through Alabama and western Georgia it was accompanied by two distinct earthquake shocks, which were felt as far north as Louisville, Ky., and as far east as Augusta, Ga. The tremors were more decided at Birmingham than elsewhere, and there, thousands of persons rushed from their homes and offices. No material damage was done there or at Atlanta, Montgomery, Chattanooga, Augusta and Louisville.

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, Etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY.
1200 Court Blk. Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

BORROW This Wonder

Get Rid of Catarrh

Asthma, The Grip, Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, etc.

Prove Without Cost, This Most Wonderful Method. Your Name and Address Brings Complete Treatment

Relieves in 10 Minutes

Sent to You Prepaid

I had catarrh in its worst form. I know the disgust and humiliation of constantly coughing, hawking and spitting up vile discharges of mucous. My hearing was affected, my senses of taste and smell were impaired; my sight was poor.

I cured myself—not with medicine, salves, lotions or sprays, but with a new and wonderful treatment. I have not a trace of catarrh now; my hearing is perfect; my senses of smell and taste are normal. I can read the finest print without glasses. I loaned my wonderful treatment to friends afflicted with catarrh, catarrhal deafness, head noises, and asthma, and it cured them.

If you are a sufferer, I want you to borrow one of my treatments. The trial is free. Send for one today. Get relief—just send me your name and address—no money—and I will mail it to you on 5 days' free trial, and if you are perfectly satisfied, you are to send me the small sum I ask for it. I know you will say it is the most wonderful thing you ever tried, because it acts almost like magic, so quickly will it clear your head, nose and throat—stop the coughing, hawking and spitting—help overcome the terrible wheeze and spasm of asthma, stop running of the eyes, take inflammation out of mucous membranes, relieve pressure in the inner ear, overcome head noises. You can hear better, see better and will feel better. My treatment will help you avoid chronic bronchitis and other serious conditions caused by catarrh.

My treatment is one of the handiest, most effective and certain methods ever devised for catarrh in the head, nose, ears and throat. Send me your name and address—no money. Learn by actual demonstration in your own case—get free proof. Convince yourself. Don't delay—send today.

USE THIS COUPON

E. Ahern, 102 N. Fifth Ave., Suite 245, Chicago.

I should like to borrow your Treatment without cost for the trial.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

GERMANY BEGINS MIGHTY OFFENSIVE IN EAST

A GREAT offensive by the Teuton forces in the east to crush Rumania, the allies' efforts on the western front to draw an iron ring around Peronne and effect its capture and the near anarchy that reigned in Greece as the result of the entente powers taking charge and relegating King Constantine to the position of a mere figurehead were in features of the war news last week.

Ever since Rumania entered the war its army has had its hands full. Von Hindenburg wants to put King Ferdinand's armies out of the war, and under Field Marshal von Mackensen, who directed the Teutonic steam roller through Serbia, a huge force of Germans, Bulgars and Turks began striking heavy hammer blows against the Russo-Rumanian front at the close of the past week. The Russians and Rumanians on practically the entire Dobrudja front have given way before this mighty offensive. In other sections of the Balkan theatre also the fighting grew more violent.

The approach of winter has hurried all armies to gain good positions so as to withstand spasmodic attacks by the enemy during the cold weather. In the east the Germans hope to crush Rumania before winter while the Serbs are endeavoring to capture Monastir.

The Anglo-French commanders, in recent statements to war correspondents on the Somme front, are frank in their admissions that they can not hope to continue their giant drive during the cold months. Their purpose now is to keep worrying the Germans to prevent a shift of Teuton troops in force from the western to any other theatre of war.

Artillery will be depended upon, to a large extent, to accomplish this end. The allies claim to be far superior to the Germans in artillery strength and, even in winter months, if their version be true, they may be able to keep pounding the German lines with heavy shells sufficiently to discourage the kaiser from any attempt to weaken his front.

On Somme Front.

The past week has seen activity on the Somme, the allies endeavoring to reach Bapaume and Peronne, but suffering from severe counter attacks. The French maintained a series of attacks and progressed in an effort to enclose Peronne within an iron ring.

The Germans tried to wrest the initiative from the allies, but the movement either has been abandoned or has not yet assumed full headway.

North of the Somme, the British tried with little success, to advance their lines toward Bapaume. Dispatches early in the week from Berlin told of the repulse of the British with extremely heavy losses particularly at one village, where three divisions of Bavarians and Prussians clung to their trenches throughout the British bombardment and then met a British charge with a terrific fire which swept away the attacking lines. Germans hail this battle as the most glorious Teuton achievement of the entire Somme campaign.

South of the Somme the French were more successful than the British, but there, too, the Germans inflicted terrible losses on their enemies before they withdrew. The French gains, said the German official statement, describing the fight for a village on this front, "were not commensurate with their losses."

Accounts of the Somme fighting, from allied sources, have much to say about the superiority of the French and British in aerial service. This wing of the army has developed to an astounding degree since the beginning of the war and it is generally agreed that an army without aerial scouts in these days of warfare cannot hope to cope against a foe well equipped with planes. The fact that the Germans are standing off the Anglo-French just now appears to depreciate the allied claims, but reports, even from German sources, indicate that the entente armies have the advantage.

The last of week an official statement from Paris announced that seven German aeroplanes had been downed in battle on the Somme front. Some of these fell inside the allied lines.

Fighting in the East.

German armies in the east are definitely on the offensive. The early days of the week saw repeated assaults on the Russian lines in Volhynia, but a lull developed later, while German commanders devoted their attention to the Russian lines farther south, in the Carpathian mountains. Gen. von Falkenhayn, who commands the Teutonic armies on both the Russian and Rumanian fronts, made a strenuous effort to divide the Russian and Rumanian armies at their point of juncture in the Carpathians. Heavy fighting developed here, but thus far has produced no appreciable results.

Von Falkenhayn is losing valuable time at the Rumanian frontier. Latest official accounts from the Austrian war office placed one of his armies seven miles beyond the Rumanian border, while another, which had penetrated the mountain passes once and crossed into Rumania, was back on Transylvania soil.

Von Falkenhayn, it is obvious, must press home his campaign or else give up plans for a conquest of Rumania until next spring. Winter in the Balkans foredooms a vast campaign to disaster and all he can hope for is to settle down to trench warfare for the winter, unless he can deliver a quick and decisive stroke.

Anarchy in Greece.

Anarchy seems to be the ruling power in Greece just now, except at Athens, where the allies have assumed power and placed a virtual dictator over the affairs of the government. King Constantine has been shorn of authority by the so-called "inspector" of police, who not only has taken charge of the police force, but seems to have a dictatorial voice in all matters pertaining to the government.

King Constantine becomes more of a figurehead every day. His throne is tottering. The allies have gained full control of the Greek navy and direct the police of Athens. The Greek battleship Kilkis, formerly the United States battleship Idaho, the Lemnos, formerly the Mississippi, and the Averoff, have been taken over and allied crews placed aboard. On Oct. 11 the allies took over the entire Greek fleet except these three ships. It was explained officially that this measure was to protect the allied fleet.

The purpose of the allies in sending troops to Athens ostensibly was to quell riots and other anti-entente demonstrations, but the real object was to make sure that King Constantine made no further moves that might prove embarassing to the allies. The king cannot make a move now without the consent of the entente powers. Even his personal bodyguard has been cut down from 4,000 to 80 soldiers.

The entente demand that an allied officer be given authority over the police was granted. The Greek cabinet also issued a manifesto to the populace prohibiting anti-entente manifestations. In spite of concessions, French forces have been landed to reinforce the detachments of bluejackets and marines in Piraeus and Athens.

The pro-German propaganda is still powerfully organized in Athens, and German agents are said to have spent huge sums to bring about rioting. The allied military authorities have commenced a drastic movement to stamp out this. A rumor from Petrograd said that a treaty between Greece and Gerany has prevented King Constantine from giving help to the allies.

Venizelos Strong.

Former Premier Venizelos is a power in Greece as the result of the Greek revolutionary movement, which he heads, being recognized formally by the allies. One London paper suggests that the Greek kingdom be transformed into a republic. This paper says that General Sarrail, commander-in-chief of the allies in Macedonia, favors the idea as also do many other European statesmen. It is thought that if King Constantine is deposed, the presidency would be offered to Venizelos.

Twenty-five thousand men have been recruited by the Greek revolutionary government to fight the Bulgarians. The army will not be put into the field until the numbers reach a corps. At a banquet at the Canadian hospital Venizelos made a speech declaring that the cause of the allies is the cause of humanity.

So far as Greece is concerned the allies can hope for little material aid, but they have seen to it that Greece does not endanger allied interests by support of the central powers.

ALASKA PLACER MINES CONTAIN VAST FORTUNES BEDDED IN ICE

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

(Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Fairbanks.

I HAVE just returned from a two-day automobile trip through some of the richest of the gold-bearing regions of interior Alaska. Fairbanks has produced almost one-third of all the gold we have gotten out of the territory. The sum is more than ten times the amount of Uncle Sam's purchase price. It is about $80,000,000, and the geologists say there are many millions to come. The amount taken out last year was two or three millions, and with the cheap fuel from Uncle Sam's railroad this output will be greatly increased.

This enormous quantity of gold has been washed from creeks and their valleys surrounding this city. The valleys are streaked with a bed rock which lies far down under the earth. The gold-bearing strata is five or six feet in thickness, and it has an average value of more than $5 per cubic yard. There is so much of it that if it were confined to one strip, about five times as wide as a country road, the strip would reach as far as from New York to Philadelphia, and every mile of it would contain values to the amount of one and one-third million dollars. That amount is known to exist. Prospecting is going on everywhere to find more, and new strikes are bound to occur.

Deserted Towns Abound.

The miners are still working on the oldest of the creeks, although in places they are almost deserted. We rode by log hotels and dance halls, now empty and silent; and passed great masses of gravel, the monuments of the work of the past. Leaving Fairbanks, we motored up one stream and down another, passing pile after pile of these tailings. We passed through villages, which were once almost cities, now going to ruin, and after traversing the valleys of Fox creek, Pedro creek, Engineer creek, Queenie creek, Ester creek and other creeks named after the "dance ladies" of early days, stopped for the night at Chatanika on Cleary. Cleary is one of the richest of all the creeks of the Fairbanks district and today it is being mined along the greater part of its course. This is true of most of the creeks. The old tailings are being worked over, and the poorer ground, as yet untouched, is being exploited. There are now about 130 plants busy getting out gold, and something like 1,500 men are employed. The values produced in 1913 and in 1914 amounted to about $7,500,000, and the year before that the output was four millions. New methods of mining are coming in. The open cut is much used, and there is a new scraper invented by a Fairbanks miner that proves very valuable. There is an underground scraper which digs and dumps automatically; and there are surface scrapers which lift the earth to a cable by which it is carried to the sluice boxes. Among the most active of the plants are those on Chatanika flats, where something like 500 miners are now employed.

During my stay at Chatanika, I went into some of the mines. The gold does not lie on the surface of the earth. It is seldom found in the grave of the streams, and it cannot be clawed out with the grass roots. The most of the valley is covered with a layer of moss and muck, under which is a thick layer of gravel, and below that the bedrock in which the gold is. The muck and the gravel are frozen. The cold of some thousands of years ago has turned them into one mass of ice, rock and sand as solid as stone. The moss on the top has proved an almost perfect nonconductor of heat, and the only way to get at the gold is to strip off the moss, and, by means of steam, to thaw and then dig your way down to where the gold lies. This may be 50, 60, 80 or even 100 feet, the gold strata itself being still frozen.

THE RESULT OF THE CLEANUP; $4,000 WORTH OF GOLD IN THIS PAN.

Mining the Gold.

In the Nolan mine they were working at 84 feet from the surface. We got into a bucket, and were lowered down a well of that depth. From the bottom tunnels had been dug off into the ice-frozen gold-bearing rock. We left the bucket and walked through the tunnels, stopping now and then to watch the miners thaw out the strata. The work is done with steam points, or steel pipes through which steam is driven into the ice. The pipes are three-quarters of an inch in diameter. They have heads of solid steel, and below them connections with steam boilers outside. The boilers force the steam through rubber hose into the steel pipes. These end in points of steel in which are small holes to let out the steam. The pipes are driven into the frozen rock with steel hammers, working their way on inch by inch as the steam thaws out the ice. It melts the gravel for several feet above the pipe. The thawed stuff can then be dug down and thrown into wheelbarrows, which carry it to the shaft and the hoists.

At the Nolan mine they have a cleanup once a week. By this is meant that they wash out the gold at that time. We were fortunate in being there when one of the cleanups occurred. The gold is washed in a trough which is perhaps a yard wide, a yard high and several hundred feet long. This box is the sluice box. It is made of rough plank, and is set up at an angle of 15 or 20 degrees so that it runs from the high crib containing the dump to the ground. When the time for the cleanup occurs, a door is opened in the dump, and the gold-bearing gravel pours down into the sluice box. A stream of water flows over it forcing it onward and washing the dirt and gravel away. In the bottom of the sluice box are riffles or crates of steel which catch the gold. The gold is heavier than the rock, sand and earth, and it falls into the riffles as the stream washes the debris away.

At first the water comes in a flood. It carries the stone, gravel and sand down with a rush. Five miners, clad in rough clothing with rubber boots to their thighs, stand in the current and stir as the water pours down They throw out the big bowlders and pitch and fork over the mortar and sand. They stop it here and there with their shovels, so that every bit of gold-dust is washed off. After a time bits of the bottom are visible In some places the box has turned yellow; the gold dust has piled up and coated the boards. The riffles become filled with black sand. This is mixed with the yellow and now and then a small nugget is to be seen. The riffles are lifted out and the black sand containing the gold is washed over. This is carefully done. The water now flows slowly and the men agitate it with brushes of seaweed of about the size of a whisk-broom. With these they separate most of the sand from the dust and the yellow flour and grains are caught in a scoop and thrown into a pan. It covers the bottom of the pan like a coarse cornmeal and looks somewhat as though it were yellow corn ground. The clean-up of this week amounted to about three quarts of gold. It is worth over $4,000 and the gold contents will average $17 per ounce.

After getting the gold out of the box we took it into the office cabin nearby and dried it over a fire. It was then tossed up by the miners to blow out the bits of sand that were left. They did this, throwing the gold into the air, much as you throw screenings to chickens, blowing the black sand away and catching every bit of the gold in the pan. At the end the sand was all out and the yellow gold only was left. This was the clean-up of a small mine. Larger cleanups sometimes run into the tens of thousands of dollars.

Gold Producing Creeks.

There are a dozen or more creeks about Fairbanks that are producing gold. The biggest output so far has been from Cleary; but large amounts have been obtained from Fairbanks creek, Dome creek, Gold stream and Ester creek. The product of Ester is large at this writing, one of the cleanups last week having realized over $12,000. In 1913 Fairbanks creek had already produced more than $5,000,000 and in Dome creek values of $6 and more to the square foot have been found. By 1910 Ester had produced about $8,000,000 and Little Eldorado more than five millions. The gold in the several creeks varies in value. In some it does not average more than $15 per ounce, while in others it is worth $19 and upward per ounce.

The most of the gold of Alaska has come from placers. The total value produced is now about $280,000,000, and of this almost $200,000,000 has come from the placers. The greater part of the quartz gold has been and still is from the great mines of southeastern Alaska, and especially those of Treadwell and Juneau. Some of those mines will be producing for a century to come and they are now yielding millions of dollars a year.

The remainder of Alaska so far has been to a large evtent a placer gold proposition and the placer output at present is about ten million dollars per year. Much of this comes from mines like the Nolan mine I have described, but much also comes from the dredges now working on the Seward peninsula, and especially about Nome. The Seward peninsula is estimated to have more than three hundred million dollars' worth of gold still left in its gravels.

Placer mining in Alaska is far different from that of other parts of the United States. In California and in the Rockies all that a miner needed to start business was a pick, a shovel and a pan to wash out the gold. He might add a rocker or some other rude pieces of machinery, but all told the outfit cost little. The free gold lay on the top of the ground, or on the banks and in the beds of the creeks, and it was comparatively easy to find and wash out. Here about Fairbanks more than 80 per cent of the productive deposits lie at from 40 to 260 feet under ground, and most of them are in valley bottoms which are solidly frozen and have to be thawed out before you can find where the gold is or get it.

The whole country is covered with moss, which must be stripped off to find what lies beneath. To test the ground you have to go down to bed rock. The result is that a prospector's outfit is much more costly than in the Rockies. It should include a small boiler for steam thawing with steam pipes, rubber hose, steam points and steam fittings. One needs a windlass a cable and wooden buckets to get the earth out after it is thawed, and if he expects to prospect in deep ground he should have a steam engine as well. They have here a prospecting outfit which costs about $600. It consists of a four-horsepower boiler a hoisting engine, steam points, pipe and fittings and buckets and cable. The outfit is compact and can be carried on a sled drawn by dogs. One of the best methods of prospecting is with drills but the freight rates have been so high that few have come in. There is a churn drill built here, which is sold for $1,600 including therein a complete prospecting equipment.

How would you like to stub your toe on a gold mine? That is how the Rhoads-Hill quartz mine in Bedrock Creek Valley was discovered. The mine has now more than a mile of underground workings, and has netted its owners over $200,000. The discoverer was L. B. Rhoads, a prospector who was mushing over the trail. He had made some money placer mining, but fortune had gone against him, and he turned his attention to quartz. On his way down the hill to the Bedrock Creek valley he stubbed his toe and fell headlong. As he got up he looked for the cause of his stumbling, and found it was a rock speckled with coarse yellow bits of gold. He marked the spot, got an outfit, and dug down until he discovered a rich vein of quartz. He took out a claim, and thawed a shaft to the fifty-foot level, burning the rock with wood fires. Every week he crushed enough of the best rock to give him gold for his supplies for the week to come. In the winter he worked underground. The next spring he tunneled in on the vein; and to make a long story short, he finally established a mill of five stamps, out of which he and his brother-in-law, Hall, have already cleared almost a quarter of a million dollars.

A FEW SNAILS WILL KEEP AQUARIUM CLEAN

Everyone who keeps an aquarium knows that it is advisable to place a few snails in the tank, not only because snails are interesting in themselves, but because they are good cleaners, says the Popular Science Monthly.

If the keeper of the aquarium knows that too much sunlight will produce too much plant growth, and has placed the vessel in a partly shaded place where the proportion of light and shade are about right, the snails, if they are numerous enough, can then control the growth. Nature has provided them with a peculiar anatomical structure resembling a narrow ribbon, which in detail is like the band of teeth on a carpenter's rasp. Under the microscope these so-called "lingual ribbons" or tongues are seen to be set thickly with rows of sharp-edged teeth which are themselves toothed and which rasp off microscopic plants and carry them into the mouth.

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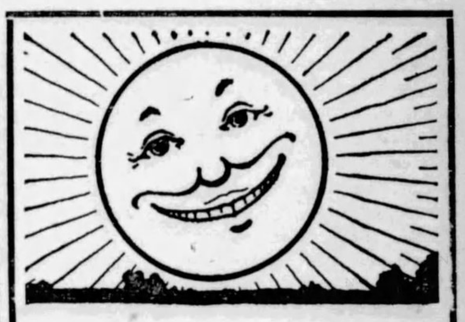

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"There's a Reason."

SYNOPSIS

PHILIP WEYMAN is on his way back to civilization after four years spent in the great North. Going ashore to eat he chances upon the first white woman he has seen for a long time. She asks him to help her out of great trouble and he consents to accompany her back to her home to live there as her husband. The girl, Josephine Adare, tells Philip he must leave her when the time comes. Accompanied by Jean Croisset, a trusted servant who knows the girl's secret, Weyman, as Philip Darambal, the girl's husband, journeys to Adare House. The actions of Jean and Josephine mystify Philip further.

Philip discovers a man with a pistol about to shoot who resembles Jean staring through the window of his room at night. He investigates and discovers Josephine outside who takes him to her room to show him a baby which she says is hers. Philip is to represent the baby's father before John Adare and his wife, Josephine's parents, who return as Philip declares his love to Josephine.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Suddenly the sound of a falling object came to his ears, as if a book had dropped from a table, or a chair had overturned. It was from the end of the hall—almost opposite his room. At his own door he stopped again and listened. This time he could hear voices, a low and unintelligible murmur It was quite easy for him to locate the sound. He moved across to teh other door, and hesitated. He had already disobeyed Josephine's injunction to remain with her father. Should he take a further advantage by obeying John Adare's command to bring his wife and daughter? A strange and subdued excitement was stirring him. Since the appearance of the threatening face at his window—the knowledge that in another moment he would have invited death from out of the night—he felt that he was no longer utterly in the hands of the woman he loved. And something stronger than he could resist impelled him to announce his presence at the door.

At his knock there fell a sudden silence beyond the thick panels. For several moments he waited, holding his breath. Then he heard quick steps, the door swung open, and he faced Josephine.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," he apologized in a low voice. "Your father sent me for you and your mother. He says that you must come and wake the baby."

Slowly Josephine held out a hand to him. He was startled by its coldness.

"Come in, Philip," she said. "I want you to meet my mother."

He entered into the warm glow of the room. Slightly bending over a table stood the slender form of a woman, her back toward him. Without seeing her face he was astonished at her striking resemblance to Josephine—the same slim, beautiful figure, the same thick, glowing coils of hair crowning her head—but darker. She turned toward him, and he was still more amazed by this resemblance. And yet it was a resemblance which he could not at first define. Her eyes were very dark instead of blue. Her heavy hair, drawn smoothly back from her forehead, was of the deep brown that is almost black in the shadow. Slimness had given her the appearance of Josephine's height. She was still beautiful. Hair, eyes, and figure gave her at first glance an appearance of almost girlish loveliness.

And then, all at once, the difference swept upon him. She was like Josephine as he had seen her in that hour of calm despair when she had come to him at the canoe. Homecoming had not brought her happiness. Her face was colourless, her cheeks slightly hollowed, in her eyes he saw now the lustreless glow which frequently comes with a fatal sickness. He was smiling and holding out his hand to her even as he saw these things, and at his side he heard Josephine say:

"Mother, this is Philip."

The hand she gave him was small and cold. Her voice, too, was wonderfully like Josephine's.

"I was not expecting to see you tonight, Philip," she said. "I am almost ill. But I am glad now that you joined us. Did I hear you say that my husband sent you?"

"The baby is holding his thumb," laughed Philip. "He says that you must come and wake him. I doubt if you can get him out of the baby's room tonight."

The voice of Adare himself answered from the door:

"Was holding it," he corrected. "He's squirming like an eel now and making grimaces that frightened me. Better hurry to him, Josephine!" He went directly to his wife, and his voice was filled with an infinite tenderness as he slipped an arm about her and caressed her smooth hair with one of his big hands. "You're tired, aren't you?" he asked gently. "The jaunt was almost too much for my little girl, wasn't it? It will do you good to see the baby before you go to bed. Won't you come, Miriam?"

Josephine alone saw the look in Philip's face. And for one moment Philip forgot himself as he stared at John Adare and his wife. Beside this flowerlike slip of a woman Adare was more than ever a giant, and his eyes glowed with the tenderness that was in his voice. Miriam's lips trembled in a smile as she gazed up at her husband. In her eyes shone a responsive gentleness; and then Philip turned to find Josephine looking at him from the door, her lips drawn in a straight, tense line, her face as white as the bit of lace at her throat. He hurried to her. Behind him rumbled the deep, joyous voice of the master of Adare House, and passing through the door he glanced behind and saw them following, Adare's arm about his wife's waist. Josephine caught Philip's arm, and whispered in a low voice:

"They are always like that, always lovers. They are like two wonderful children, and sometimes I think it is too beautiful to be true. And now that you have met them I am going to ask you to go to your room. You have been my true knight—more than I dared to hope, and tomorrow——"

She interrupted herself as Adare and his wife appeared at the door.

"Tomorrow?" he persisted.

"I will try and thank you," she replied. Then she said, and Philip saw she spoke directly to her father: "You will excuse Philip, won't you, Mon Pere? I will go with you, for I have taken the care of baby from Moanne tonight. Her husband is sick."

Adare shook hands with Philip.

"I'm up mornings before the owls have gone to sleep," he said. "Will you breakfast with me? I'm afraid that if you wait for Miriam and Mignonne you will go hungry. They will sleep until noon to make up for tonight."

"Nohting would suit me better," declared Philip. "Will you knock at my door if I fail to show up?"

Adare was about to answer, but caught himself suddenly as he looked from Philip to Josephine.

"What! this soon, Mignonne?" he demanded, chuckling in his beard. "Your rooms at the two ends of the house already! That was never the way with Miriam and me. Can you remember such a thing, Ma Cheri?"

"It—it is the baby," gasped Josephine, backing from the light to hide the wild rush of blood to her face. "Philip cannot sleep," she finished desperately.

"Then I disapprove of his nerves," rejoined her father. "Good night, Philip, my boy!"

"Good night!" said Philip.

He was looking at Adare's wife as they moved away. In the dim light of the hall a strange look had come into her face at her husband's jesting words. Was it the effect of the shadows, or had he seen her start—almost as if for an instant she had been threatened by a blow? Was it imagination, or had he in that same instant caught a sudden look of alarm, of terror, in her eyes? Josephine had told him that her mother knew nothing of the tragedy of the child's birth. If this were so, why had she betrayed the emotions which Philip was sure he had seen?

A chaotic tangle of questions and of doubts rushed through his mind. John Adare alone had acted a natural and unrestrained part in the brief space that had intervened since his home-coming. Philip had looked upon the big man's love and happiness, his worship of the oman who was his wife, his ecstasy over the baby, his affection for Josephine, and it seemed to him that he knew this man now. The few moments he had stood in the room with mother and daughter had puzzled him most. In their faces he had seen no sign of gladness at their reunion, and he asked himself if Josephine had told him all the truth—if her mother were not, after all, a partner to her secret.

And then there swept upon him in all its overwhelming cloud of mystery that other question which until now he had not dared to ask himself: Had Josephine herself told him all the truth? He did not dare to tell himself that it was possible that she was not the mother of the child which she had told him was her own. And yet he could not kill the whispering doubt deep back in his brain. It had come to him in the room, quick as a flashlight, when she had made her confession; it was insistent now as he stood looking at the closed door through which they had disappeared.

For him to believe wholly and unquestioned Josephine's confession was like asking him to believe that da Vinci's masterpiece hanging in the big room had been painted by a blind man. In her he had embodied all that he had ever dreamed of as pure and beautiful in a woman, and the thought came now: Had Josephine, for some tremendous reason known only to herself and Jean, tried to destroy his great love for her by revealing herself in a light that was untrue?

Instantly he told himself that this could not be so. If he believed in Josephine at all, he must believe that she had told him the truth. And he must believe, in spite of the whispering doubt. He felt that he could not sleep until he had seen Josephine alone. In her room John Adare had interrupted them a minute too soon. In spite of the mysterious and unsettling events of the night his heart still beat with the wild and joyous hope that had come with Josephine's surrender to his arms and lips.

Instead of accepting the confession of her misfortune as the final barrier between them, he had taken it as the key that had unlocked the chains of her bondage. If she had told him the truth—if this were what separated them—she belonged to him; and he wanted to tell her this again before he slept, and hear from her lips the words that would give her to him forever.

Despairing of this, he opened the door of his room.

CHAPTER XI.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when an exclamation of surprise rose to Philip's lips. A few minutes before he had left his room even uncomfortably warm. A cold draught of air struck his face now, and the light was out. He remembered that he had left the lamp burning. He groped his way through the darkness to the table before he lighted a match.

As he touched the flame to the wick he glanced toward the window. It was open. A film of snow had driven through and settled upon the rug under it. Replacing the chimney, he took a step or two toward the window. Then he stopped, and stared at the floor. Some one had entered his room through the open window and had gone to the door opening into the hall. At each step had fallen a bit of snow, and close to the door was a space of the bare floor soppy and stained. At that point the intruder had stopped for some moments without moving.

For several seconds Philip stared at the evidences of a prowling visitor without making a move himself. It was not without a certain thrill of uneasiness that he went to the window and closed it. It did not take him long to assure himself that nothing in the room had been touched. He could find no other marks of feet except those which led directly from the window to the door, and this fact was sufficient proof that whoever had visited his room had come as a listener and a spy and not as a thief.

It occurred to Philip now that he had found his door unlatched and slightly ajar when he entered. That the eavesdropper had seen them in the hall and had possibly overheard a part of their conversation he was quite certain from the fact that the window had been left open in a hurried flight.

For some time the impulse was strong in him to acquaint both Josephine and her father with what had happened, and with Jean Croisset's apparent treachery. He did not need to ask himself if it was the half-breed who had stolen into his room. He was as certain of that as he was of the identity of the face he had seen at the window some time before. And yet something held him from communicating these events of the night to the master of Adare House and the girl. He was becoming more and more convinced that there existed an unaccountable and mysterious undercurrent of tragic possibilities at Adare House of which Josephine was almost ignorant, and her father entirely so. Josephine's motherhood and the secret she was guarding were not the only things that were clouding his mental horizon now. There was something else. And he believed that Jean was the key to the situation.

He felt a clammy chill creep over him as he asked himself how closely Jean Jacques Croisset himself was associated with the girl he loved. It was a thought that almost made him curse himself for giving it birth. And yet it clung to him like a grim and haunting specter that he would have crushed if he could. Josephine's confession of motherhood had not made him love her less. In those terrible moments when she had bared her soul to him, his own soul had suffered none of the revulsion with which he might have sympathized in others. It was as if she had fallen at his feet, fluttering in the agony of a terrible wound, a thing as pure as the heavens, hurt for him to cherish in his greater strength—such was his love. And the thought that Jean loved her, and that a jealousy darker than night was burning all that was human out of his breast, was possibility which he found unpleasant to admit to himself.

So deeply was he absorbed in these thoughts that he forgot any immediate danger that might be threatening himself. He passed and repassed the window, smoking his pipe, and fighting with himself to hit upon some other tangible reason for Jean's unexpected change of heart. He could not forget his first impression of the dark-faced half-breed, nor the grip in which they had pledged their fealty. He had accepted Jean as one of 10,000 — a man he would have trusted to the ends of the earth, and yet he recalled moments now when he had seen strange fires smoldering far back in the forest man's eyes. The change in Jean alone he felt that he might have diagnosed, but almost simultaneously with his discovery of this change he had met Adare's wife—and she had puzzled him even more than the half-breed.

Restlessly he moved to the door again, opened it, and looked down the hall. The door of Josephine's room was closed, and he re-entered his room. For a moment he stood facing the window. In the same instant there came the report of a rifle and the crashing of glass. A shower of shotlike particles struck his face. He heard a dull smash behind him, and then a stinging, red-hot pain shot across his arm, as if a whiplash had seared his naked flesh. He heard the shot, the crashing glass, the strike of the bullet behind him before he felt the pain — before he reeled back toward the wall. His heel caught in a rug and he fell. He knew that he was not badly hurt, but he crouched low, and with his right hand drew his automatic and levelled it at the window.

Never in his life had his blood leaped more quickly through his body than it did now. It was not merely excitement — the knowledge that he had been close to death, and had escaped. From out of the darkness Jean Croisset had shot at him like a coward. He did not feel the burn of the scratch on his arm as he jumped to his feet. Once more he ran swiftly through the hall. At the end door he looked back. Apparently the shot had not alarmed the occupants of Josephine's room, to whom the report of a rifle—even at night—held no special significance.

Another moment and Philip was outside. It had stopped snowing, and the clouds were drifting away from under the moon. Crouched low, his pistol level at his side, he ran swiftly in the direction from which the shot must have come. The moon revealed the dark edge of the forest a hundred yards away, and he was sure that his attempted murderer had stood somewhere between Adare House and the timber when he fired. He was not afraid of a second shot. Even caution was lost in his mad desire to catch Jean red-handed and choke a confession of several things from his lips. If Jean had suddenly risen out of the snow he would not have used his pistol unless forced to do so. He wanted to be hand to hand with the treacherous half-breed, and his breath came in panting eagerness as he ran.

Suddenly he stopped short. He had struck the trail. Here Croisset had stood, 50 yards from his window, when he fired. The snow was beaten down, and from the spot his retreating footsteps led toward the forest. Like a dog Philip followed the trail. The first timber was thinned by the axe, and the moon lighted up the white spaces ahead of him. He was half across the darker wall of the spruce when his heart gave a sudden jump. He had heard the snarl of a dog, the lash of a whip, a man's low voice cursing the beast he was striking. The sounds came from the dense cover of the spruce, and told him that Jean was not looking for immediate pursuit. He slipped in among the shadows quietly, and a few steps brought him to a smaller open space where a few trees had been cut. In this little clearing a slim dark figure of a man was busy straightening out the tangled traces of a sledge-team.

Philip could not see his face, but he knew that it was Jean. It was Jean's figure, Jean's movement, his low, sharp voice as he spoke to the dogs. Man and huskies were not 20 steps from him. With a tense breath Philip replaced his pistol in its holster. He did not want to kill, and he possessed a proper respect for the hair-trigger mechanism of his automatic. In the fight he anticipated with Jean the weapon would be safer in its holster than in his hand. Jean was at present unarmed, except fir his hunting knife. His rifle leaned against a tree, and in another moment Philip was between the gun an dthe half-breed.

One of the sledge dogs betrayed him. At its low and snarling warning the half-breed whirled about with the alertness of a lynx, and he was half ready when Philip launched himself at his throat. They went down free of the dogs, the forest man under. One of Philip's hands had reached his enemy's throat, but with a swift movement of his arm the half-breed wrenched it off and slipped out from under his assailant with the agility of an eel. Both were on their feet in an instant, facing each other in the tiny moonlit arena a dozen feet from the silent and watchful dogs.

Even now Philip could not see the half-breed's features because of a hood drawn closely about his face. The "breed" had made no effort to draw a weapon, and Philip flung himself upon him again. Thus in open battle his greater physical strength and advantage of 50 pounds in weight would haev won for Philip. But the forest man's fighting is filled with the elusive ermine's trickery and teh lithe quickness of the big, fur-padded cat of the trap-lines.

The half-breed made no effort to evade Philip's assault. He met the shock of atack fairly, and went down with him. But this time his back was to the watchful semicircle of dogs, and with a sharp, piercing command he pitched back among them, dragging Philip with him. Too late Philip realized what the cry meant. He tried to fling himself out of reach of the threatening fangs, and freed one hand to reach for his pistol. This saved him from the dogs, but gave the half-breed his opportunity. Again he was on his feet, the butt of his dog whip in his hand. As teh moonlight glinted on the barrel of the automatic, he brought the whip down with a crash on Philip's head — and then again and again, and Philip pitched backward in the snow.

He was not wholly unconscious. He knew that as soon as he had fallen the half-breed had turned again to the dogs. He could hear him as he straightened out the traces. In a subconscious sort of way, Philip wondered why he did not take advantage of his opportunity and finish what he had failed to do with the bullet shot through the window. Philip heard him run back for his gun, and tried to struggle to his knees. Instead of the shot he half expected there came the low "Hoosh—hoosh—march!" of the forest man's voice. Dogs and sledge moved. He fought himself up and swayed on his knees, staring after the retreating shadows. He saw his automatic in the snow and crawled to it. It was another minute before he could stand on his feet, and then he was dizzy. He staggered to a tree and for a space leaned up against it.

It was some moments before he was steady enough to walk, and by that time he knew that it would be futile to pursue the half-breed and his swift-footed dogs, weakened and half dressed as he was. Slowly he returned to Adare House, cursing himself for not having used his pistol to compel Jean's surrender. He acknowledged that he had been ar fool, and that he had deserved what he got. The hall was still empty when he re-entered it. His adventure had roused no one, and with a feeling of relief he went to his room.

If the walls had fallen about his ears he could not have received a greater shock than when he entered through the door.

Seated in a chair close to teh table, looking at him calmly as he entered, was Jean Jacques Croisset!

To Be Continued.

Science and Crime.

Some workmen excavating at Canarsie, L. I., dug up a human skeleton which gave evidence of death by violence. The find was reported to the police and though search was made for means of identification, nothing was found at first. A police lieutenant, under the guidance of an expert of the city standard testing laboratory, undertook to reconstruct the face of the dead man from the phrenological data of the skull, and by following certain scientific rules made of plastic material a representation that was later immediately recognized as the likeness of a certain Italian who disappeared in May, 1914. Subsequently a second skeleton was found on the lot at Canarsie, which was identified by some of the clothing and a check in a pocket as a companion of the one whose bones had first been unearthed. From these clews a murder plot of the typical Sicilian kind was unraveled and arrests were made.

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THE LATEST MARKETS

Toledo, Oct. 23.—All records for eight years were broken last week in the wheat market when in less than three days cash wheat advanced 11 cents. Millers boosted the price of flour at the same time, setting a new high record here for this commodity. The rush of foreign demand in the face of a reduced surplus, the heavy loss of the Argentine crop upon which Europe had depended, and the difficulties of shipping, contributed to a condition of supply and demand not equaled in years. Cash wheat closed the first day this week 16½ cents over the close of the first day of last week. Cash corn was 11 cents over last week and oats were about a nickel higher. Chicago grain also showed a big increase over the prices the beginning of last week. Butter and eggs held about steady.

Grain.

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.76½; December, $1.79½; May $1.82. Corn, cash, $1.02; December, 90¼c; May, 91c. Oats, cash, 53¾c; December, 55½c; May, 59½c. Cloverseed, cash, $10.85; October, $10.85; December, $10.65; January, $10.77½; February, 10.77½; March, 10.65; April, $10.00. Rye, cash, $1.33. Alsike, cash, $10.20; October, 10.20; December, $10.30; March, $10.50. Timothy, cash, $2.42½; October, $2.42½; December, $2.50; March, $251½.

Chicago—Wheat, December, $1.74⅝; May, $1.74⅞; July 1.41¾. Corn, December, 88¾c; May, 89½c; July, 88½c. Oats, December, 52⅞c; May, 56⅝c.

Minneapolis — Wheat, December $1.85⅞; May, $1.83⅛; July, $1.77⅝.

Duluth—Wheat—December, $1.83¾; May, $1.81¾.

Produce.

Toledo — Butter — Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 37c; solid pack, 37c; process, per 20-lb. tubs, pails and prints or in 10-lb. tubs, 32c; oleo, 22@26c. Cheese—Choice Michigan, 22@23c; York State, 24c; brick, 24@25c; limburger, New York, 2-lb., 23@24c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 22@23c; block Swiss, 32c; domestic Swiss, 36c; imported, 55c; Roquefort, 65c; Longhorn, 22c. Eggs—Fresh, candled, 34c; strictly fresh, 39c.

Dressed Hogs — Light, 13@13½c; heavy roughs, 11½@12c. Calves, 14@16c Spring lambs, 15@18c. Fowls—Alive, 17c. Ducks—Alive, 16@18c. Lambs—Yearlings, 12@14c; sheep, 10@12c. Steer Beef—Good, 12@13c; light, 11c; cow beef, extra good, 8@10c. Heifers—11@12c. Bulls, 9@10c.

Lard, 16c. Bacon—Fat, 10½c; lean, 25c; wide, 6 to 8-lbs., 22½c; 8 to 10-lbs., 21½c. Barrel Pork—Clear pork, $28.00; hams, sugar cured, 20c; shoulders, 17c; luncheon sausage, 20c. Fresh pork sausage, 15½c; bologna 14½c; frankfurters, 16½c; garlic sausage, 14½c; dried beef inside, 23c; knuckles, 28c.

Hides—No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 15½c; bulls 14c; green calf—No. 1, 28c; No. 2, 26½c; kip, 23c; No. 2 kip, 20½c; cured hides, No. 1, 19c; No. 2, 17c; sheep pelts, $1.00@1.50; horse hides, $3.50@5.00.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $13.00; No. 2 timothy, $11.50; light mixed, $12.00; No. 1 mixed, $11.00; No. 1 clover hay, $11.00; oat straw, $8.00.

Flour, feed and salt—Spring wheat flour, per bbl. $10.00; winter patents, $9.20@9.45 per bbl.; family flour, $8.45@8.70 per bbl.; graham flour, $4.00 per cwt. Mill feed—Per ton, bran, $30.00@32.00; brown middlings, $32.00@34.00; coarse meal, $2.25 per cwt.; chop feed, $38.00@40.00; old process meal,$43.00@45.00; union grains, $36.00@38.00. Cottonseed meal, $42.00@45.00. Straw, (buying price)—Tight pressed, per ton, $5.00@6.00; loose, bale, 25c. Corn—Shelled, bu., $1.10@1.20; old corn, $1.40 per cwt.; new, $1.00. Oats—55@58c.

Corn Meal—New, kiln dried, 100 lbs. $2.40@2.60. Salt—Michigan common, $1.25 per bbl.; Retsof packing per ton, $8; salt, per bag, 90c; lump stock salt, $21.00 per ton. Scratch feed—100 lbs., $2.20@2.50; beef scrap, 100 lbs., $3.00@3.25; 60 per cent tankage, $2.85 per 100 lbs.

New York—Flour, firmly held; spring patents, $8.00@9.15; winter patents, $8.30@8.55; winter straights, $8.00@8.25; Kansas straights, $8.30@8.75. Pork, quiet; mess, $30.50@31.00; family, $31.00@33.00; short clear, $27.00@29.00. Beef, quiet; mess, $22.50@23.00; family, $25.00@26.00. Lard, firmer; middle west, $16.10@16.20; Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 40@50c. Hay, firm; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 95c@$1.00; No. 3, 85@90c; shipping, 80c. Hides, steady; Bogota, 34½@35c; Central America, 34½@35c. Leather, firm; hemlock firsts, 45c; seconds, 43c.

Butter, firmer, receipts, 3,368 tubs; creamery, higher than extras, 36@36½c; creamery, extras, (92 score), 35½c; firsts, 34@35c; seconds, 32½@33¾c. Eggs, firmer; receipts, 6,952 cases; fresh gathered, extra fine, 39@40c; extra firsts, 36@38c; firsts, 33@35c; seconds, 30@32c; nearby hennery, whites, fine to fancy, 55@60c; nearby hennery, browns, 43@48c;. Cheese, firm; receipts, 961 boxes; state, fresh, specials, 21@21¼c; do., average fancy, 20¾c. Live poultry, firm; no prices settled; dressed, dull and weak; chickens, 20@30c; fowls, 18@24½c; turkeys, 20@32c.

Chicago—Butter, steady; creamery, 30@34½c. Eggs, steady, receipts, 8,223 cases; firsts, 30@31c; ordinary firsts, 28½@29½c; at mark, cases included, 22½@29½c. Potatoes, higher, receipts, 90 cars; Minnesota and Dakota Ohios, $1.40@1.50; Wisconsin, and Michigan white, $1.35@1.45. Poultry, alive, steady; fowls and spring, 16½c.

Livestock

Chicago — Hogs — Receipts, 55,000; steady, 5c under Saturday's average; bulk, $9.95@10.30; light, $9.65@10.40; mixed, $9.70@10.45; heavy, $9.70@10.40; rough, $9.70@9.85; pigs, $7.25@9.40. Cattle—Receipts, 27,000; firm; native beef cattle, $6.50@11.40; western steers, $6.25@$9.50; stockers and feeders, $4.75@7.75; cows and heifers, $3.40@9.50; calves, $7.25@11.85. Sheep—Receipts, 33,000; steady; wethers, $7.00@8.25; lambs, $8.25@10.50.

Pittsburgh—Cattle — Receipts, 3,500; market lower. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; market steady; heavy mixed, $10.45@10.50; mediums, $10.40@10.45; heavy yorkers, $10.25@10.40; light yorkers, $9.75@9.85; pigs, $9.25@9.50; roughs, market steady; top sheep, $7.75; top lambs, $10.50. Calves—Receipts, 1,200; market lower; top, $11.00.

East Buffalo, N. Y. — Cattle — Recepits, 5,700; active; shipping steers, $7.50@10.50; butchers, $6.00@8.75; heifers, $5.00@7.75; cows $3.75@7.00; bulls, $5.00@@7.00; stockers and feeders, $5.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, active and strong; $50.00@115.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,200; slow and steady; $4.50@11.00. Hogs — Receipts, 20,000; active; heavy, $10.40@10.50; mixed $10.25@10.40; yorkers, $10.25@10.35; light yorkers, $9.50@10.00; pigs, $9.25@9.50; roughs, $9.35@9.50; stags, $7.50@8.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9,000; active; lambs, $6.50@10.75; yearlings, $5.50@9.00; wethers, $8.00@8.25; ewes, $3.00@7.30; mixed sheep, $7.50@7.75.

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 7,000; mixed, $10.00@10.15; yorkers, $10.10; pigs, $9.25. Cattle—Receipts, 65 cars; and slow; $8.50. Sheep—Receipts, 20 cars, steady, $7.75. Lambs, steady, $10.35. Calves, steady, $11.75.

WHEAT EXPORTS MAY BE STOPPED

Government Promises Probe of High Cost of Living When Next Congress Convenes.

A serious effort to control the increasing high cost of living will be made following the election. It will involve the departments of justice, labor, commerce and the federal trade commission.

All the facts dealing with the alleged manipulation of prices by speculators will be prepared for congressional action should this prove necessary. The big question of an embargo on the export of foodstuffs will, for the first time, come in for serious consideration.

Certain leaders of the master bakers' organization of the country and wholesale grocers have urged for months that President Wilson had the power to prohibit shipments of wheat. Sources close to the administration strenuously denied this. But, with election out of the way, the question will be seriously considered, and if it is determined that some such plan is necessary to prevent flour and other necessities of life going to panic prices it is likely that congress, responsive to the will of the people, will be urged to take action when it meets in December.

Foodstuffs Needed Here.

Officials, for the first time, now admit that the European war will last all through next year at least. With crop damages here increasing with each report from the country at large, it is certain that the United States will be denuded of all its foodstuffs unless something is done to prevent it.

The following statement by Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginal McKenna, in the British parliament, that his government is spending on every working day $10,000,000 in the United States, simply emphasizes all that has been reported to the department of commerce about the enormous extent of foreign trade. In fact, more than $1,000,000 a day of this amount goes for food and clothing and other articles badly needed by the people as a whole, and the price of which is already nearly prohibitive, is just being realized in official quarters.

While the coming session of congress will be a short one and must be devoted to appropriation legislation, officials here believe that it will be possible to get any needed legislation affecting the cost of living through, providing the government departments can agree on the scope of such laws.

INSIDE MOTOR TRUCK INVESTMENT

A light truck manufacturing company, whose officers and directors are men of such prominence that you probably know of most of them, will shortly offer shares for sale at a low price, such shares having a par value of $10.00 per share.

The shares of this company will be offered by publishing announcements simultaneously in about two hundred leading newspapers, having a combined circulation of about thirty million copies per issue.

A rising, nation wide-market will be immediately created for these shares.

Prior to publishing the above announcements a limited allotment of shares is being sold at an INSIDE price. This offering is so unusual that a majority of those to whom it has been presented have become liberal subscribers.

Information on request if you ask for CIRCULAR 143

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NOTE: The light truck industry is believed to be in much the same position today that the light pleasure car industry was a few years ago. Investments of a few hundred dollars made then have yielded hundreds of thousands in several instances.

What 15c WILL BRING You FROM THE Nation's Capital The little matter of **15c** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder for 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is at last. Send only **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send it on probation **13** weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in New Friends. Address **The Pathfinder, Box 65, Washington, D. C.**

Clean milk is obtained only by a clean dairyman.

German millet requires nearly 100 days to mature and must be sown in May, following corn. Much of the so-called German millet seed on the market is Hungarian or common millet or a mixture of them.

Make it a point to clean up every month and whitewash or spray the henhouse with a good disinfectant and you will never be troubled with mites or lice.

The big fly traps are very efficient in the stables. Place one on the back porch and several in the barns and stables. Five or six are none too many for most farms. Make them 15 inches square and 30 inches high if you can not buy them.

Be sure to get rid of all the surplus males and of all the hens which are too old, or which have molted too late to lay well through the winter.

Cutting and burning old raspberry canes will destroy many insects and diseases.

Pimples Gone Skin Beautiful

Really Surprising the Way Stuart's Calcium Wafers Put the Delicate Pink Tinge on the Skin Freed of All Pimples and Other Eruptions.

Send For Free Trial Package.

Of course you want a lily complexion. And you will have it if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

They work in your blood and stop the accumulation of all those impuri-

ties that lodge in the skin to cause pimples, blackheads, liver spots, blotches, eczema and other skin eruptions. It is the wonderful calcium sulphide that does this. The blood must have it. The presence of skin eruptions is proof of blood poverty and you get just what you need to enrich and purify it in Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

This fact has been demonstrated by hosts of women and men who realize that the presence of skin eruptions of any sort detracts from their usefulness in business, pleasure, society and their own self-esteem. And since Stuart's Calcium Wafers will rid the skin of impurities, why have such imperfections? You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at 50 cents a box at all drug stores. Get a box today or send coupon for a free trial package.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

F. A. Stuart Co., 337 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

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HOLDING CLINICS TO TEACH BIRTH CONTROL

MARGARET SANGER ANNOUNCES OPENING OF DISCUSSION ON SUBJECT IN BIG CITIES.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger of New York, who was arrested and convicted, but not punished, while in Portland, Ore., recently, for advocating birth control, has announced that clinics for the dissemination of information on that subject are soon to open in San Francisco, Cleveland and other western and inland cities.

The police here are searching for a clinic which is being conducted in the east New York section of Brooklyn and which has been advertised by distribution of handbills in English, Yiddish and Italian. The teaching of birth control here is a misdemeanor under the law.

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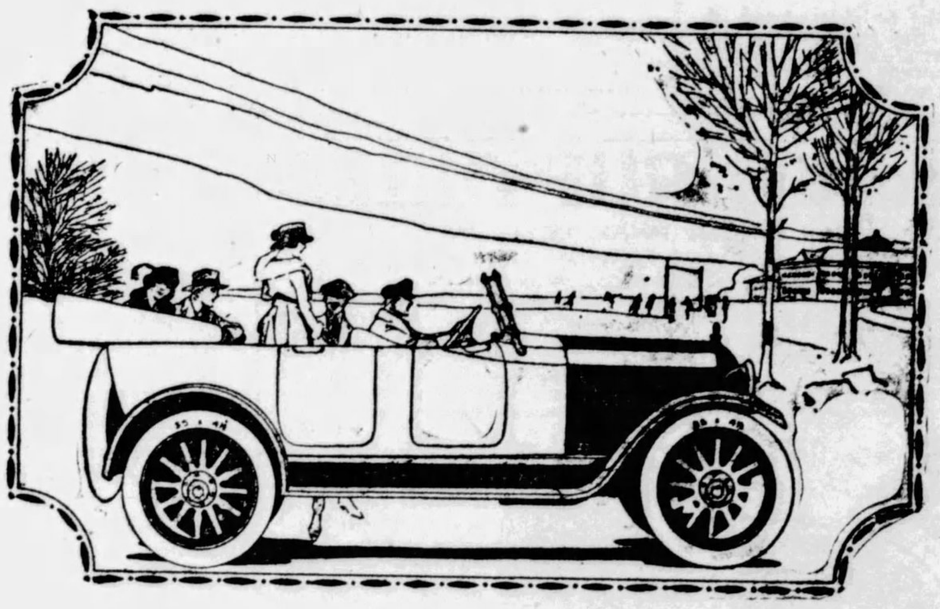

Buy Now!

Once Again, let us remind you that you can actually ***make money*** if you purchase a Paige Fairfield "Six-46" immediately.

Within a very short time, the price of this model will be substantially increased.

The motive is not a selfish one. We are not seeking larger profits on our investment. But costs of material and labor have shot skyward during the past year, and we must increase our list price proportionately.

Buy your "Fairfield" ***now.*** It means money in your pocket and the satisfaction of owning the finest of all light sixes.

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FLEETWOOD "SIX-38" FIVE-PASSENGER $1090 F. O. B. DETROIT

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Detroit - Michigan

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to the readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience which will be the most valuable answers.

Bloat in Cattle.

I noticed that reader of Oregon was inquiring for a remedy for bloat in cattle. This disease is caused by the cattle eating clover or by gas formed in eating very wet clover. Put a third or one-half cup of soda in a long-nosed bottle and add to it a pint of sweet milk. When everything is ready to pour this mixture down the animal's throat add a half cup of strong vinegar. If you can get this remedy down the cow's throat before it falls, you can save the animal every time. I saved a fine heifer when I thought she would die before I could put the remedy down her throat. I wouldn't use the trocar unless other remedies failed.—S., Ohio.

Preserving Timber.

Although an effective process for preserving timber was discovered way back in 1832, it is only since 1895 that it has been used to any marked extent. At that date there were but 15 pressure plants for timber preservation in the United States. Now there are more than 100 plants that treat over 150 million cubic feet of timber a year.

In Great Britain and most of the European countries practically every wooden cross tie, telephone or telegraph pole receives preservative treatment. In the United States less than 30 per cent of the 135 million cross ties annually consumed are treated, and the proper treatment of an annual consumption of 4,000,000 poles may be said to have scarcely commenced.

The open tank treatment for fence posts and farm timber is practiced very little because of the large supply of cheap and durable timbers and the general disregard shown toward economy in the use of natural resources. As it greatly lengthens the life of the timber, it will be more generally used as wood becomes scarce and more valuable.

Concrete Floors.

The question of concrete for the floor of cow stalls is being brought up again and Farm and Fireside says:

"There is no serious objection to concrete floors for warm or moderately mild climates, providing they are given a rough finish by means of a wooden float and are kept well bedded. The disadvantage of being somewhat cold and slippery when wet have in many cases been exaggerated.

"Concrete is no more slippery than a wet plank, and is little colder than wet ground. Concrete has the advantages of being everlasting, easily cleaned, and is one of the very few substances that does not absorb the liquids of manure.

"However, when bedding is scarce, the use of creosoted wood blocks or cork bricks laid on a concrete foundation make a warmer floor that is nearly as durable as concrete itself, and is used in many high-class dairies."

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cost less, yet outwear three ordinary roofs. Absolutely proof against the elements. All joints and seams are water-tight, because the Edwards Patented Interlocking Device makes them so. No warping, breaking or buckling. Nails are driven through holes which are covered by upper layer. This makes them permanently weather-proof.
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LIVE STOCK

The Horse's Shoulder.

When the farmer values his horses by their capacity for work, nothing should go unnoticed that will in any manner reduce their efficiency. The care of the shoulder, therefore, is of great importance and must not be neglected. As the dry season arrives, dust and dirt accumulate under the collar or pad and, mixing with the perspiration, form crusts in the hair, which irritate the skin by continual friction, and gall the shoulder from the withers to the lowest point of collar pressure.

This material also accumulates on the mane, and is literally ground into the flesh by the end of the day. The mane should be kept from under the collar.

When your animals are resting at the end of the field, inspect their shoulders and readjust the collar, at the same time wiping it dry with a cloth.

Galled areas may be treated by washing with the following preparation diluted with an equal volume of water and applied directly to the afflicted parts: Lead acetate, one ounce; zinc sulphate, six drams; water to make sixteen ounces.

Mix and shake well before using. Collar boils and so-called "sit fasts" or callouses are the direct result of neglect to recognize and care for the primary galled area, and must be treated surgically and the animal turned to pasture until recovery is complete.

DAIRY

Getting the Cows.

Going after the cows? Anybody can do that. And yet, not everybody does do it in the best way possible, the way which will make and keep the cows comfortable, and which will, therefore, be the best for the dairyman.

In fly time cows are apt to hide away in the bushes, if there be any in the pasture, and it may be quite a chore to hunt them out and get them all started. Where the pasture is a good ways from the buildings, this may mean a tiresome journey back again after the missing cattle. After a hard day's work this is about the most tiresome part of the day's duties.

We have bells on two of our cows, which help a good deal about locating the herd, says a farmer. These bells are not of a like sound; and as each cow is apt to have a certain following among the other cattle, they usually lead to the discovery of most, if not all of the cows.

Then, too, a good dog is of great service here. We have a collie which almost always goes with the man who brings up the cows. He has been educated so that he will often go a good share of the way on ahead when the weather is not too hot and he is not too busy about something else. This dog is never permitted to nip any of the cows, but by barking before he gets where they are, the cattle are pretty apt to come out of their retreat, saving the hired man a great deal of travel. The cows have become so well acquainted with Ted that they do not expect to be harrassed or misused by him. His sharp, incisive barking does little more than to warn them that it is time to get up and be off for the milking stables.

It is understood by our folks that there is to be no hurrying or worrying of the cows while on the way to be milked, and the cows show by their quiet, satisfied look that they understand the dog and the driver and that we are all their friends.

Thinning Out Herd.

It has long been our custom to weed out all unprofitable cows from the heard whether old or young, once we were thoroughly convinced they were not producing at a fair margin of profit, says a dairyman. Many persons believe, however, that when a cow has reached the age of eight or ten years, her period of usefulness has passed. In a large measure this is no doubt true but there are some exceptions. I have had cows at the age of ten years that produced better than during any other period of their usefulness. Many cows are thinned out of the heard every year and gotten rid of. They are put on the market for what they will bring just because the owner has the opinion that the cow's usefulness has passed.

If a cow has had good care, plenty of the right kind of feed, good quarters to sleep in during the rough periods of the year, when it is either rainy, cool, and damp, or when cold weather sets in. If she has had this kind of treatment there is no reason why she will not produce profitably even at the age of ten years or even longer.

We have had cows that were in good condition at eight years of age, in fact in their prime, and continued to produce profitably for several years After a time, of course, they gradually declined, both in quantity and sometimes in quality of milk until we were convinced that they were no longer profitable. Then they were sold to the first buyer who came along and who was willing to pay what they were actually worth.

Cows with their first calves, up to three and four years of age, are mostly unprofitable as the milk yield is generally small and one really good cow, even at the age of eight or ten years, will produce as much as one or two young cows in the same length of time. Another item of importance is the fact that an older cow will not consume any more feed than the younger cows. This, of course, will depend largely upon the size of the individual. This fact alone tells me that it pays not to sell a cow just because her age is going against time and that soon she will be unprofitable. When the time arrives and the cow is no longer producing at a profit it is comparatively an easy matter to dispose of her and usually at a fair figure.

POULTRY

Kale for Hens.

Hens require green food during winter to produce eggs, and to get this is a problem the poultry keeper has to solve. Some grow root crops, and they are good. Some sprout oats, which cannot be excelled, but this makes a lot of trouble. I used to have plenty of surplus lettuce and weeds from around my benches in a greenhouse to supply my flock, but farmers have no greenhouses, says a writer. Kale offers a good substitute for all these and it is easy to grow. It has the advantage of being almost hardy enough to keep in a usable condition all winter outside. It takes a lot of freezing to hurt it.

Kale grows best in cool weather, but it can be planted in the spring and grown all summer if you care to do so. By winter it will make immense clusters of curly leaves, and these will remain in good condition almost all winter in even our central states, while in the south it is perfectly hardy. The quality is improved by a good freeze or two.

While kale can be cut from the field and fed well into the winter, it is best to store some for use when the weather gets bad. It can be stored by transplanting to a trench, setting the plants close, just the same as cabbage and celery are set in such a trench for keeping. Cover with coarse straw or hay. After storing part, the hens can be allowed to pasture the remainder during fair weather, using the stored kale for winter weather when the hens cannot be out of the houses.

Give kale a rich soil and good culture, and make the heads as large as possible before winter and they will blanch after freezing. You will find them good for use on the table as well as for the hens.

One of the best methods of feeding kale is to suspend a bunch by the roots and let the hens jump up and pick at it. This gives them exercise as well as providing green food. When hens are shut into their houses in winter by snow it is wise to give them every possible chance to exercise. If you have too large a flock it may take several heads to give them all a chance, and the kale will keep until they do eat it so it is best to have enough out for all to get enough without crowding.

Kale can be planted after some early crops, as it will make nice bunches if sown even as late as August. Some prefer to sow it in the fall. While the bunches will not be so large they will be just as hardy, and more of them can be grown in the same space.

The Poultry House.

The successful keeping of the poultry will depend largely on the arrangements of the interior of the poultry quarters, claims one man. First, the floor should be higher than the surrounding soil, whether it be boards, concrete or earth. We believe that the earth floor is the most satisfactory of the three. The board floor is apt to harbor vermin, the concrete seems to create a dampness in the house, but the floor of dry clay, built up 12 to 18 inches higher than the outside, is not to be despised. If either concrete or board floors are used, they should be covered with a couple of inches of dirt. This will absorb the moisture that arises.

Plenty of litter should be on hand. There is nothing that will make better litter than dry leaves from the woods, and a surprisingly large amount can be gathered in one afternoon, and stored away in sacks. They can be stuffed into the sacks and they take up only a small amount of space. Leaves do not last as long as some other kinds of scratching material, and they must be renewed every week or two. Straw makes an excellent litter, and should be used extensively. The litter should be made deep, causing the hens to work hard for their grain. If they don't get plenty of exercise, they will not lay.

If there is a shed attached to the building, the straw or litter should be fed in this, but where it is fed in the house, there should be some form of a rack or platform to set the water on to keep out the trash. A platform 15 or 20 inches above the floor will insure the feeding hoppers and drinking vessels from being filled up with litter.

The perches should be so arranged in cold weather, that there will be no draughts of air blowing upon them. A dropping board should be under the roosts. The house can be kept more sanitary with less work where dropping boards are used. All the roosts should be on a level. Every fowl seems to want on the highest perch, and they crowd together, often causing injury to the fowls. The perches should be low for the large breeds.

A separate laying room is best for the fowls. In fact, it is almost indispensable. A narrow room may be partitioned off one end of the house and nests made around the walls. There are several different kinds of nests to use, but for ordinary purposes the wire nest is probably the best. Cheese boxes make good nests, as they are light and easy to handle. The boxes can be taken out and emptied and replaced with little trouble.

Saving Hen Manure.

A great many people do not fully appreciate the great quality of fertilizers stored up in hen and young chick manure, says a writer. Making what I consider a rather low estimate of the amount of manure produced by fowls, I think that 100 ordinary sized hens will produce at least one ton of manure a year, and after this has been mixed with about twice its bulk of earth you can see what an immense amount of first-class fertilizers you have.

Poultry manure is very rich in ammonia and phosphoric acid, and these two elements are among the principal ones that go to make up a first-class fertilizer. I have been using some of this manure as top-dressing for garden crops, and find it excellent. I think that at no time is there more plant food in this manure than when it is first made, and for this reason the droppings should be gathered frequently and either stored well or applied to growing crops as soon as possible.

The best plan is to spread the droppings over freshly-worked land and then mix soil and manure thoroughly together by means of the free use of the harrow, or if applied to growing crops it may be worked into the soil with the cultivator. This, however, is only practicable during the summer season, and in cold weather this cannot be done. Then it should be mixed with some good garden loam and stored in some out of the way building to be spread when the ground is in shape.

If there is no building in which they may be placed, barrels may be set in rows and covered with boards to keep out the rain and snow, and when the barrels are empty in the spring, they may be stored away for use again the next fall, unless it is desired to continue their use. A great many fail to save the droppings because they do not have things as convenient as they would like. This, however, I find to be more of an excuse than a reason. If your poultry house is not so arranged that the saving of the manure is easy, it will not be a great job to arrange it. The arrangement suggested is very cheap and yet gets the result.

GARDEN

Saving Sweet Potatoes.

About the middle of March I prepare my bed good and loose, says Mr. Crump in the Ruralist. I have the bed about four feet wide and as long as I want it. Then I take up my potatoes, removing all the decayed ones and bed them, setting the soil well so they will not touch. I put on a coating of well rotted manure, not too much, as it will cause them to rot, covering about two and one-half inches deep, shoveling a trench around the bed to keep it well drained.

I break my land for potatoes early in the spring and keep it broken and harrowed until planting time. When plants are ready I lay off rows with turning plow, good and deep, about three feet apart. Put in some well-rotted manure and bed. After they are set I keep cultivated well with plow and hoe to keep crust from forming and moisture from evaporating and keeping dust mulch stirred.

After the first light frost I dig up my potatoes and spread them on the floor to dry a few days. Do not pile them too high or they will sweat and rot. After they have seasoned well I carry them to the cellar and bank them in dry dirt by putting down a measure of potatoes and covering with dirt until they are all stored and they will keep excellent. Be sure that your dirt is dry. By using this method you can have potatoes the year around.

I grow the bunch yam potatoes; they seem to be as good as I can get. I keep my potatoes free from running. When one starts to running a little more than common I pull it up. I also have a little start of round-leafed potatoes, which has cropped out from the bunch yam. It is a bunch potato and I believe it produces a little better than the bunch yam, with a little better flavor.

Handling Celery.

Cultivate every week, for this helps to make a quick growth and helps crisp, tender celery. As soon as the celery is 12 to 15 inches high some way of bleaching should be provided. Paper, straw and boards are good for bleaching early celery or celery that is ready for market before the hardest frosts; then follow with dirt for late or winter celery. Celery that has had a good frost on it is sweeter than that which has had no frost.

It takes 1,000 feet of lumber for each 1,000 celery plants. The boards are strung end to end on each side of the row. Two men, one at each end of a board, slide the board under the leaves and raise it up; then the one on the other side is set up in the same manner. Each man has some wire hooks about six inches long and one of these is put across each end on top of the two boards which holds them in place.

I always bank winter celery with muck as high as we can get it, says one writer. When shipping celery from the field, as soon as the celery is bleached good it is cut, trimmed, washed and tied 12 to 16 plants in a bunch, size considered, and packed in cases holding eight, 10 and 12 bunches.

ORCHARD

Grapes in Texas.

In grape-growing, like in all other kinds of fruit-growing, varieties play an important part. Some varieties may be adapted to one locality, another kind to some other locality says one man. I have tried the California varieties of grapes enough to know that there is very little use to try them. As a rule, the varieties that originated here in Texas are best for us. However, the Little Delaware does fine for me and does not rot. It always sells fine, and the quality is just simply delicious. It makes a very slender vine, and the plants should be set six or seven feet apart. The Concord is another Northern kind that does fine here. One man is thinking of planting fifty acres and starting a grape-juice factory. The Concord is a very large, black grape of poor quality, but it has a flavor that makes it popular with the grape-juice factories. It makes a rather short vine and can be planted close.

The Niagara is a large, white grape. It is good for nothing on earth but to eat raw. However, the bunches are so large and the grapes are so pretty it will pay any grape grower to plant them. So far the Niagara has not rotted here. The vines grow like the Concord. The Agaman is large and red. If the season is wet it will rot. The king of all grapes for Texas is the Carman. This grape is of Texas origin. It is large and black, but hardy as large as the Concord. The Carman makes very large bunches; in fact, I have grown them to weigh two pounds The berries grow very thick on the cluster, and a single vine will bear an enormous crop, sometimes as high as a bushel, or even more. The vines grow vigorously and can be set sixteen feet apart. The grapes will stay on the vines for a long time, and get better all the time.

A little later than the Carman, we have the Munich and Fern grapes. The Fern is large and dark red. The Munich is rather large and very sweet. They have very vigorous vines and can be planted a good distance apart. The fact that the Fern, Carman and Munich are so late makes them very desirable as market grapes. The old Herbermont is also a late grape. This is a small grape, nearly all juice, and the vines grow very long and bear just simply immense crops. Sometimes they get ripe a little bit early; then they are badly eaten by birds; in fact, the birds are the greatest drawback to growing the Herbermont. It is certainly a fine grape to grow. The Marguerite is nearly like the Herbermont, but later. It is seldom bothered by birds, and comes in so late that it is certain to sell well; in fact, it is somewhat of a wild grape. The latest grape I have is the Goethe. It is a very large, pinkish white and of magnificent quality. It never rots on the vines and is firm enough to haul long distances.

I have a late yellow grape called the Gold Coin that is fine on good moist-matured land. The Pecan grape is midseason and very productive; but as it comes right in the rush of the peach season, it is not very valuable. I have several varieties of muscadines on my place; have one that promises to be fine, but have tried the white Scuppernong, which will not bear. Probably my muscadines need to be on deeper, moister soil. Anyhow, they make a nice vine and are interesting.

Questions and Answers

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet, with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subjetct, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

Joseph Conrad.

Please give a brief biography of Joseph Conrad, the novelist.—G. B., Wheeling, W. Va.

Joseph Conrad, English novelist, was born in Poland in 1856, his full name having been Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. He learned French in infancy, but did not learn English until he was nearly 20 years old. He had gone to Constantinople with the intention of joining the Russians against the Turks, but instead joined the French merchant navy. Later on he arrived in Lowestoft, England, and, after obtaining his mate's certificate, sailed for the East in an English ship. The story of his voyage is told in Youth and Other Tales. His works are all remarkable for their vigorous English style and the vivid description of exotic scenes, the author being especially successful in tracing the effects of tropical surroundings and the contact with Asiatics on European sailors and traders.

His publications in the order of their appearance are Almayer's Folly, An Outcast of the Islands, The Nigger of the Narcissus, Tales of Unrest, Lord Jim, The Inheritors, Youth and Other Tales, Typhoon, Romance, Nostromo, a Tale of the Seaboard, One Day More, The Mirror of the Sea.

Codex Vaticanus.

Please give an explanation in this department of the Codex Vaticanus.—J. F. Q., Clymer, N. Y.

The Codex Vaticnus is an ancient Greek manuscript of the Old and New Testaments, so called from being contained in the Vatican library at Rome. It was placed there early in the 16th century. The manuscript was written on thin vellum in small uncial characters. In the greater part of the manuscript there are three columns to a page, and this fact is regarded as one among other indications that it is later than the Sinaitic manuscript which has four columns to a page. The manuscript is assigned to the fourth century, and until the discovery of the Sinaitic it was regarded as the best manuscript of the Old and New Testaments. The greater part of Genesis in the Old Testament, and the whole of the pastoral epistles and the Revelation in the New Testament are wanting. The first collation of this manuscript was by Bartolocci in 1669. An edition of it by Cardinal Mai was published in 1857, after having been 19 years in print without being published. However, it did not satisfy the expectation of scholars. A facsimile of it was published in 1868.

Shilling.

In the north 12½ cents is called a shilling, while in the south it is claimed that a shilling is worth 16 and two-thirds cents. Is a shilling a proper denomination of United States money?—F. J., New Market, Ala.

Shilling is the name of an English silver coin and money of account equal to 12 pence, or the twentieth part of a sovereign or pound sterling; and equivalent in the United States to about 24 and one-third cents. In this country the shilling is a denomination of money formerly in use, differing in value relatively to the dollar in different states, but below that of the English shilling with a corresponding value for the penny and the pound. There is no one coin minted in the United States known as a shilling. The quarter comes the nearest in value to the English shilling.

When the decimal system was adopted in this country the shilling was that amount of money equal to one-sixth of a dollar in New England and Virginia, one-eighth of a dollar in New York and North Carolina, two-fifteenths of a dollar in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland and three-fourteenths of a dollar in South Carolina and Georgia.

Henry Ford.

Please give a brief sketch of the life of Henry Ford.—G. R. L., Freeport, Ohio.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, was born in Greenfield, Mich., on July 30, 1863. He received his education in the district schools of Greenfield. On April 11, 1888, he married Clara J. Bryant of Greenfield. He learned the machinist's trade and has been located in Detroit since 1887. He was chief engineer of the Edison Illuminating Co. In 1903 Ford organized and became president of the Ford Motor Co., the largest manufacturer of automobiles in the world. In January, 1914, this company announced a plan of profit sharing involving the distribution of $10,000,000 annually among its employes.

Burke on Conciliation.

Will you kindly explain Burke's Speech on Conciliation of America?—R. H., Oakland, Ill.

Edmund Burke was a great British statesman, orator and political writer. He took the side of the American colonies in many questions over which they had grievances with England, the mother country. In his Speech on Conciliation Burke defends many of the views of the colonies at that time. Burke never denied that England had a right to tax the colonies, but what he did affirm was that the exercise of such a right was not practicable, and that if it were practicable it was inexpedient. Even if it had not been inexpedient he said that after the colonies had taken to arms, to crush their resistence by military force would not be more disastrous to them than it would be unfortunate for the ancient liberties of Great Britain.

Hardly any two people agree precisely which of Burke's works could be regarded as his masterpiece. But his Speech on Conciliation has been admired more universally than any of his other productions, partly because its maxims are of a simpler and less disreputable kind than those which adorn the pieces on France, and partly because it is most strongly characterized by that deep ethical quality which is the prime secret of Burke's great style and literary mastery.

John Sullivan.

Please give a short biography of John Sullivan, Indian fighter.—M. L. M., Nichols, N. Y.

John Sullivan, the soldier, was born in Maine in 1740. After completing his general education he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of the first continental congress. In 1775 Sullivan was appointed a brigadier-general and in the following year a major-general. He superseded Arnold in command of the northern army, but was soon driven out of Canada by the overwhelming forces of British and Indians. Later, when General Greene was ill, Sullivan took command of his division on Long Island, and was taken prisoner by Lord Stirling. He was exchanged afterwards, and on Dec. 20, 1776, he superseded Lee in command of his division in New Jersey. Sullivan served in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown.

Sullivan began his fighting against the Indians in the summer of 1779, when he commanded a large force in an expedition against the Six Nations. The object of the expedition was to avenge the terrible massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley. He was joined by General Clinton, attacked the enemy and completely dispersed them. He then penetrated to the very heart of the Indian country, killing and capturing a large number of savages, burning 18 of their towns, besides a large number of isolated wigwams, and destroyed 160,000 bushels of their corn as well as all of their vegetables and fruits. Everything necessary to support life was destroyed. Meanwhile Sullivan had incurred the displeasure of certain members of congress and of the board of war, on account of his having made great demands for military stores and frequently complained of the government for inattention to these demands. The state of feeling was such that he resigned on Nov. 9, 1779. He was a member of congress for three years, and was also president of New Hampshire, rendering very efficient aid in quelling Shay's rebellion. The year of his retirement from the army he was appointed a judge of the district court, a position he held until his death at Durham, N. H., on Jan. 28, 1795.

Emperor William.

Please give a brief account of the life of Emperor William of Germany.—A. P., Shady Spring, W. Va.

William II., (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert,) German emperor and king of Prussia, son of Frederick III. and Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, and grandson of William I., was born in Berlin on January 27, 1859. Though impeded by an injured left arm, he received a thorough military education and in 1869 was enrolled in the army as a second lieutenant. In 1874 he entered the gymnasium at Cassel, and three years later, as first lieutenant, was admitted to the University of Bonn, where he remained until 1879, his prinicpal studies being political science and law. William then entered upon actual military service, to which he devoted himself with all earnestness. In 1881 he married Princess Victoria of Schleswig - Holstein - Sonderburg-Augustenburg and four years later became colonel of the Hussars of the Guard.

When William ascended the throne he at once asserted his ideas of personal rulership. He actively concerned himself with every department of German life, and his personal sway has been limited only by the constitution and public opinion. In 1890 he virtually compelled the retirement of Bismarck, his masterful chancellor and reputed creator of the empire. William became reconciled partially to Bismarck before the latter's death. With all his autocratic tendencies authorities agree that he has sought above everything else the aggrandizement of Germany, her industrial and commercial supremacy, colonial expansion and primacy among the great powers. He extended the imperial influence to Turkey and Asia Minor, and strengthened German interests in the far East, in Africa and South America. He developed the efficiency and strength of the German army until it proved its wonderful organization by the ease with which it was mobilized and put into action at the beginning of the present war.

Asia Minor.

Please tell me in this department what part of Asia is called Asia Minor and why.—I. F. R., Belington, W. Va.

Asia Minor, or Asia the Less, is the extreme western peninsular projection of Asia, forming part of Turkey in Asia. The name is not very ancient. Originally the Greeks seemed to have meant by Asia only the western part of Asia Minor, but with their geographical knowledge of the scope of the name Asia gradually widened. The eastern boundary of Asia Minor is somewhat artificial, being a line from the Gulf of Skanderoon to the upper Euphrates, and thence to a point east of Trebizond. The area of the peninsula exceeds 220,000 square miles. It constitutes the western prolongation of the high table-land of Armenia, with its border mountain ranges.

There are about 7,000,000 inhabitants, the dominant race being Osmanli Turks, who number about 1,200,000, and are spread over the whole country. Allied to these are the Turkomans and the Yuruks. There are also hordes of nomadic Kurds and robber tribes of the Lazes. The Greeks and Armenians are the most progressive class in the population and have most of the trade.

U. S. Marine Corps.

Please tell something about the United States marine corps and duties in these columns.—H. B., Hillsboro, Ohio.

The United States marine corps is an independent branch of the military service of this country serving generally under the direction of the secretary of the navy. The corps may be detached by order of the President for service in the army, and on various occasions parts of the corps have so served.

The organized strength of the marine corps in September, 1915, was 346 officers and 9,921 enlisted men, as follows: one major-general commandant, 12 colonels, 12 lieutenant-colonels, 28 majors, 107 captains, 96 first lieutenants, 90 second lieutenants, 12 sergeant-majors, 79 quartermaster sergeants, one drum major, 114 first sergeants, 106 gunnery sergeants, 500 sergeants, 967 corporals, 124 drummers, 104 trumpeters, one leader and one second leader of the band, 30 first-class musicians, 30 second-class musicians and 7,832 privates.

The duties of the corps are to garrison the different navy yards and the naval stations, both within and beyond the continental limits of the United States. It furnishes the first line of mobile defense of naval bases and naval stations beyond the continental limits of the United States. It must man such defenses, and aids in manning, if necessary, other naval defenses that may be erected outside the boundaries of this country. It must furnish such garrisons and expeditionary forces for duties beyond the seas as may be necessary in times of peace. It must serve on board all battleships and armored cruisers of the navy, and such other vessels as may be directed, in detachments of not less than eight per cent of the strength of the enlisted men of the navy on such vessels. In case of disturbance in foreign countries marines are landed to protect American interests.

Commissioned officers for this corps are selected from the graduates of the naval academy, from worthy non-commissioned officers and from civil life. Applicants must be 21 years of age and not over 27, and must pass such mental, moral and physical examinations as are prescribed by the President. The term of enlistment in this corps is four years. Applicants must be 19 years of age and not over 35, able-bodied and of good character. Minors must have the consent of parents or guardian. Apprentices to learn the drum and trumpet are enlisted between the ages of 15 and 17, with consent of parents or guardian, to serve during minority. All recruits, after acceptance, are sent for three months to a recruit depot for instruction.

Miscellaneous.

J. M., Speck, Ky.—There are no definite statistics showing the number of ships lost by any country since the war began.

A. A., Tallpoosa, Ga.—To find the conditions of admittance to the Sandusky, Ohio, Soldiers' Home, communicate with the superintendent of the home.

O. E. M., Syracuse, Ind.—Information concerning the speed records of Bobby Burman has been published recently in these columns.

J. J. L., Teays, W. Va.—We cannot answer such questions in this department as to do so entails the giving of an opinion, something which the rules prohibit. The news columns of this issue gives an idea as to what states one political view claims Hughes will carry.

A Traffic Problem.

The states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho will have 50,000,000 bushels of wheat to move to the Atlantic seaboard in the next few months and there is a dearth of cars in which to move it. The railroads have been called on to provide about 38,500 cars, the average capacity of a car being 1,300 bushels.

HEALTH TALKS

By Donald McCaskey, M. D.

Heart Trouble or Indigestion?

WHAT are the symptoms of heart trouble? I have had my heart examined several times, and the doctors tell me it is all right. Yet at times I have a peculiar pain on my left side around the heart. Will you please tell me also what a nervous heart is and whether it is dangerous?

If your doctors have told you your heart is all right, and you do not believe them, there is one sure way to find out to your greatest satisfaction, and that is to take out a life insurance policy. You will then be forced to undergo a most exacting examination of your heart, and if the life insurance physician passes you, you can rest assured that your fears are groundless.

The peculiar pain you have on your left side around the heart may be caused by the accumulation of an excessive amount of poison in your system, the result of improper diet or a bilious liver. The simplest way to discover whether or not this is the cause is to thoroughly cleanse out your system with a five-grain dose of powdered calomel, followed in two hours with a half glass of castor oil mixed up in a syrup of sarsaparilla soda water. The calomel will so thoroughly stimulate and cleanse your liver of a lot of excessive and poisonous bile, and the castor oil sweeping along two hours afterward will so thoroughly sweep out and lubricate the bowel, not only of all bile, but of other poisonous food products together with slime, that your blood will receive a thorough cleansing. If the peculiar pain in your left side does not ease after this medication period it would seem as though there might be some organic trouble present which only a physician should decide after a careful physical examination.

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TRAVELING PLAYERS KEEP SOLDIERS ON FRONT AMUSED

Soldiers at the front in France now enjoy performances of a traveling theatre company, financed by a group of philanthropic French people. The entire paraphernalia necessary for these performances is packed in three big wagons which travel from point to point along the lines in France. The plays are given under a modest canvas roof and across the front of the stage are the words, "Theatre of the Front." The scenery is limited to two sets, one an interior, the other a rural scene.

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OUR PEACE PAGE

THE HANDY MAN

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

Most communities have a fellow who can make everything but money, and who plays in the band. Our man like that is named Jake Winch. Jake would rather do anyone a good turn than to work for himself.

He is a carpenter, but his labors are spasmodic. On fine days he prefers to drive some one in an automobile. Jake is much in demand for this, as he is a careful driver and a fair mechanic. He will drive all day for a dollar and his dinner, counting himself fortunate because he has enjoyed "the company."

During a time when Jake was helping construct a silo on the Peebles farm, five miles from town, he saw Charlie Chaplin advertised in the daily newspaper. Jake told Mr Peebles that the day Chaplin was filmed he would have to excuse him from the silo.

"I never miss a funny show if I can help it," he explained. "I drive so much for funerals that I have to keep my life evened up."

Nobody expected Jake to stay steadily on any carpentering job. Building was the thing he knew best how to do, and therefore shunned the most completely. He worked when coaxed and for small pay, so that he had always the excuse to quit at any moment that something more attractive offered. A barn raising often waited while Jake whittled out a boat for the farmer's small boy, or tinkered the wife's sewing machine. It was Jake Winch who spent laborious evenings making a galvanized iron chandelier for the "K. P.'s hall," which, when richly gilded, looked just as good as the real thing in the new hotel parlors.

For young couples just beginning housekeeping Jake would fashion all sorts of kitchen conveniences. His reward for the painstaking and really clever achievements was complete if the smiling housewife would but say: "Mr. Winch, you are the handiest man."

Jake Winch enjoyed the enviable position of being a widower whom no woman wished to marry. In the main this was most comfortable, but there were lonely hours in the basement room of the church, that Jake called home. He was a janitor Sundays and Thursdays, gaining his room in return for services rendered. At night, when the street outside was still and the silence of vast cellars and long empty rooms lay around and above him, Jake Winch found it difficult to keep his spirits up. Above his cot hung a framed tintype picture of his dead wife and little girl. He would look at them long and lovingly, before preparing his simple meal or opening his evening paper.

Morning usually found him cheerful, whistling at his tasks and eager for the friendly greetings of his fellows. But one gray morning in late October, when his basement window disclosed no enlivening ray, Jake Winch faltered under his weight of loneliness.

He mounted his old bicycle which he had contrived from the parts of many battered ones, and rode to the Widow Meech's door.

"As I wasn't working today," he explained, "I thought I'd just call round and see if I could do anything for you. Tighten your can covers, maybe," he suggested, his eyes resting on the neat rows of freshly canned pears and plums on the kitchen table.

"Well, that is one time I need a man," laughed Widow Meech. "I'm not so strong in the wrists, and I do like the covers tight as possible."

Jake screwed each lid with care, and then resumed his visiting.

"I get awful lonesome," he remarked furtively.

"You ought to be like me," said the Widow Meech. "Last night who should walk in here but John Baker. His wife hasn't been dead a year. He says to me, 'Mrs. Meech, I've got a 80-acre farm, a good house and lot in town, and a interest in both the picture show companies, and I'm lonesome.' I says, 'Mr. Baker, I've got a hundred-acre farm, a good house and lot in town, and a interest in the Flintstone Churn Co., and I ain't a bit lonesome.' "

Thus, Jake Winch was given to understand that he might enjoy Mrs. Meech's confidence, but not her steady companionship.

"Kind words are cheaperin' dirt," mused Jake, as he creaked away on his rusty bicycle. "Plenty needs cheering worse than I do," and he turned in at old Mrs. Lambkin's gate.

He found the dame, as usual, alone, untidy and pessimistic, an embittered woman, who had missed the graciousness of age. He listened patiently to her complaints.

"What you need," he told her at last, "is to get a new dress and a hat and go to church. It helps you to mingle with people as you get up in years."

"A new dress," whined Mrs. Lambkin. "Whose to pay for it? I've no money. The church people won't help me."

Jake took to his wheel. He dismounted at a big, well kept house on Main street. A hearty woman, in superfluous furs, was just stepping off the porch.

"O, Jake," she cried, "you're just the very man I'm looking for. Can you drive us to X— this afternoon?"

"No," replied the public benefactor; "I have to play in the band for the Harvest Home parade."

Then Jake proceeded to get in his philanthropic work, gaining the promise of this leading church worker to look after an old lady who was growing queer for lack of human companionship. By this time the noon bells were ringing, and Jake Winch wheeled up to a restaurant door.

"Hullo, Mollie," he sang out, as a waitress wearing a bracelet appeared. "Give me the regular 25-cent dinner today. I have to march this afternoon."

Later at the cashier's desk Jake threw down a dollar, bestowing upon the maiden there this confidence:

"Say, Lida, that's my last. I've got to go to work tomorrow."

WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

IN BED MOST OF TIME

Her Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Indianapolis, Indiana. — "My health was so poor and my constitution so run down that I could not work. I was thin, pale and weak, weighed but 109 pounds and was in bed most of the time. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and five months later I weighed 133 pounds. I do all the housework and washing for eleven and I can truthfully say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a godsend to me for I would have been in my grave today but for it. I would tell all women suffering as I was to try your valuable remedy."— Mrs. WM. GREEN, 332 S. Addison Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

There is hardly a neighborhood in this country, wherein some woman has not found health by using this good old-fashioned root and herb remedy.

If there is anything about which you would like special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Mention The Toledo Weekly Blade when writing advertisers.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Try To:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A Reader.

This is my first letter to you and I wish to enter into the discussion on books. I was glad that Ruth Miller of Caraway, North Carolina, started it, for I am a great lover of good books. Perhaps you will want to know what I call good books.

I am very fond of Washington Irving's works, but my favorite modern American authors are Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter and John Fox. All of these writers' books are clean, pure, wholesome, helpful and true to life.

Louisa M. Alcott's books are good ones for girls. We girls have to be pretty careful what books we select and read. Persons that read books untrue to life and then try to be like them often live very unhappy lives. I like books on other countries very much. These are the ones I have already read: Ben Hur, Les Miserables, The Regent's Daughter, Marguerite De Valois, Quo Vadis and Scottish Chiefs. These stories are of the people ages ago and how they lived. They, of course, contain a romance, but are very instructive and are true to how the people used to live.

I wish some more girls and boys would write and give us their ideas of books. I think the article on the Peace Page by the editor called "The Beach Party," was just fine. And I thoroughly agree with the ideas. I think it is very unladylike to go off walking, driving, motoring, or anything in that line alone with a boy, and spooning is exceedingly disgusting. Of course we can be jolly and friendly and treat them all alike. I've heard young men say themselves, "That they didn't care a hang for that kind of a girl," meaning a spoony one. It merely amuses them to see a silly, giggling girl. And don't some of you agree with me about this?—Thistledown, Pennsylvania.

Thank you for the kind words. The books you recommend are well chosen, and helpful. Let us have more book letters. If you read, tell what you read, if you don't, tell us why. Perhaps we can do something to help you to good books.—M. H.

Three Little Girls.

I have been a silent reader of the Blade family for a number of years and as I have never noticed any letters from Marshall county, Illinois, I thought it was time for me to say something. I have always lived in the country and like it, but having married a city man, he has decided to go back to town.

We have three nice little girls ranging in ages from one year to six. They helped me to raise 300 full-blooded Orpington chickens this year. They are a lovely sight at feeding time, kiddies and chickies. We had a hot, dry, summer and the gardens were slim. The fruit around here was a failure and hubbie says, "Town is the only place for him."

Before coming to the country he worked in a woolen mill and thought it the only place. I like town, but think the country the best place to raise the children. They are so healthy and happy. I do so pity the mothers and little victims of infantile paralysis and hope and pray it will soon be conquered. I will close by signing my nickname that I got when I was 2 years old. Sometime I'll write and tell you how I got it.—Mose,

Glad to hear from a hitherto silent reader. We want more of these silent one to speak up. Do your part for your page.—Martha Holden.

Not Much in Geometry.

Will you let a Virginia girl join the Merry-Go-Round circle? If you will, here I am. Isn't it getting cold rather fast? How many of the M. G. R.'s are welcoming dear old winter time? I for one am wishing it was snowing. That of all the year is the time for me. How I would love to see Brown Eyes of Tennessee! My home is not for from Kingsport, though it is in Virginia.

I wonder how many like those paragraphs entitled Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. I think they are fine as most of them are true blue. God's Country and the Woman is very, very interesting indeed. I also like the Tarzan stories. How many of the Peace Page readers have ever visited Washington, D. C.? I like Washington better than any place I have ever been. We are in school now and are having a jolly time working out our geometry and Latin lessons. How many school girls and boys like geometry? I don't see much to it myself.—Blue Eyes of Virginia.

Aim High.

I have not written to the Merry-Go-Round for some time, but enjoy this page very much as it is a great help to me. I think we should all have high aspirations as it is better to aim too high than not high enough. I certainly enjoyed Mistigay's letter, as I think she tries to look on the bright side of life. What matter though how much our troubles are in this world if we are prepared for the next?

Life is short after all. I am a great lover of books and try to read the best ones I can find. In my everyday life I have many trials as my father is very strict with me. But I am glad I have a father. I certainly do not believe in spying upon young girls. Trust them and they will not betray the confidence placed in them.

I believe in education as it is essential in our lives. Next fall I hope to be able to attend high school. Realizing what a great vocation teaching is, it is my ambition to teach if I thought I would make a success of it. It is great work to mold young children's minds. The beauties of autumn have me in their grip. There are no more beautiful days than those when the sun shines down upon the trees whose leaves have turned to a glorious red, gold and brown. The day that I wrote this letter was indeed an ideal one for autumn.—Wild Rose of West Virginia.

An Unusual Effect.

A tip from the dressmaker at home is to line the pointed overskirts and the shorter tunic skirts, and even the skirts themselves, with a bright contrasting color of satin. Revers are also so lined, flaring cuffs likewise. The effect of a dark blue or a black satin dress, lined with crimson, bright blue, pearl-gray or white, is so attractive that one stops to admire the ensemble.

POETS' CORNER

St. Peter at the Gate.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,
With a solemn mien and an air sedate;
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

Ahe woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beard upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick, and stout;
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was leasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choirs in the distance the echoes awoke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O thou who guardeth the gate!" said she,
"We two come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt;
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out,
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise to speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all—
'Bout Adam and Eve and their primal fall,
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So, good St. Peter, you will clearly see
The Gate of Heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way;
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I with the chosen united in prayer.
He ate what they pantry chanced to afford,
While I in my purity sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But, O St. Peter! I love him so;
To the pleasures of Heaven, please let him go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been—
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But sin't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?

It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And, say, St. Peter, it's seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And, say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going our crown to win,
So, open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But in spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:—
"Who's tending this gateway—you or I?"
And then he rose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell:—
Escort the lady around to Hell.

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone,
A lifelong settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below
That certainly he would have to go—
That if she went to the region dim
There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went;
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:—
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and scratched his crown.
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:—
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good;
He smaked and he swore—I should think he would!
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!

"Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy the music and rest!
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and in future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;
And he said, as he entered the realm of Day:—
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
And so the Scripture had come to pass,
That "the last shall be first and the first shall be last!"

Ad Thaliarchum.

By Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr.

When mountain-tops are white with snow
And on Soracte's crest you see
The laden beeches bending low,
And when the frost with icy key
Locks tight each little rivulet,
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me
Old Cares forget.

The fire invites us; take thine ease,
Nor seek to fathom from afar
The hearts of the Eumenides;
Leave to the gods the unending war of wind and wave; this, too, shall cease
When they from whom all counsels are
Shall Counsel peace.

Tomorrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears,
Tomorrow? 'Tis not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers,
Tomorrow is the gods'—but oh!
Today is ours.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister, fair,
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart was enshrined in him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling Slumbers Here."

Poems Wanted.

"If only I had a home, sweet home," to Lewis Hall, Tioga, Pa.

The Indian Tribe of the Tennessee to Mrs. S. E. Thompson, Beech, W. Va.

Lincoln Co. Crew, to J. B. Adkins, Branchland, W. Va.

Face on Barroom Floor, to Ellen Wright, Uhrichsville, Ohio.

Elder Lamb's Donation.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Motto:

All that we do
We do with our might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Bunny Partridge.

I was passing the Peace Page door and hearing so much merriment I peeped in. I didn't care to join so intelligent a band for I am just a little country girl living out among the hills, but before I could escape a sweet voice called, "Come in." My face felt red, but I bashfully entered and was given a seat real close to a little girl like myself. Wonder of wonders! they were talking about my hills, about my fields, my flowers, my birds.

"Why," I said, "I can tell something about birds, too, and if you'll excuse me I'll go right home and get my pet partridge."

"A pet partridge!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. "I never knew they could be tamed."

Bunny, as I called her, was on the topmost log of the wood pile dressing her feathers when I reached home. "Oh, you little pet," I whispered, placing a finger under her breast for her to perch on. "I'm going to show you to the Peace Page members, and you must have real bird manners."

"Cherrup Chee," she warbled, giving a wing feather a final stroke.

"Oh, oh, if she really hasn't one," cried a number of members as I walked into the room with Bunny on my finger.

"Why, it's sick," declared someone. "Look how stupid it is!" Bunny was quietly taking in the new situation. Her bright eyes were looking everywhere. Then she swelled out every feather and defiantly shook herself as if asking "I'm sick, am I?"

I sat down beside my little friend again with Bunny partridge on my knee.

"Come and sit on my lap, Bunny," shyly whispers my little neighbor, gently lifting Bun over. But, no; Bunny patridge vigorously shook his tail and crept back.

"Well, now suppose you stay with me, you saucy beauty," coaxed the lady on my left. But she met with the same tail shaking denials. Just then a silly fly ventured too near. Instantly it was no more. Presently Bun made away with three more.

"That's nothing," I declared, stroking her brown speckled coat. "Now just watch what she can do for flies."

I placed my finger under her breast. She hopped on and we started for the black spots on the windows and screen. Not one escaped once in reach of her quick little beak.

"Oh, mercy! don't let her have another one," cried someone. "That's 15. She'll surely burst."

Three more were all that could be found, and they disappeared.

"Why, that's nothing," I comfortingly assured them again. "I've seen her eat 50. Now I wish I had some corn."

"Did she say corn?" asked someone over in the corner. "I wonder what for?"

Just then a little baby girl all white and pink toddled into the room. "Kerchew, kerchew, chee," Bunny had found something interesting now. She left my hand for the centertable and walked around the edge as the little girl toddled around the room.

"Cherrup chee, cherrup chee, kerchew," whistled Bun. The baby toddled out of the room. Bunny Partridge hopped to the floor and followed.

"I do believe it can talk," one remarked, as she walked to the door, followed by all the others. Across the hall into another room went the baby and the bird.

"Cherrup chee kerchew," warbled Bun delightedly.

"I wonder what that bird'll do next?" asked someone behind me.

"I can't say. I'm just amazed," was the reply. "But here they come. Let's stand back and see."

"Kerchew, kerchew chee," fairly shouted saucy Bunny Partridge as she chased the little girl down the back steps into the yard.

"Where's the corn?" Three, seven, nine, 12 grains. I'm keeping count," I heard.

After the 36th grain Bun gave a sigh of relief and walked off. Seeing the corn feast, a young rooster ventured to the spot. Bun came back to view the newcomer.

"Someone separate them quick, or that bird'll be killed," cried a nervous lady, as the chicken raised its lordly height above Bunny Partridge. Bun was vexed. She swelled out every feather, stretched her neck and made for the chicken. Such fighting energy was not expected. The boastful fry turned to flee and his retreating shanks were stripped of a few feathers.

"Look, look, will you?" fairly danced the little girl by my side. "I thought it was over."

The chicken had ventured back and there was Bun, her feathers all fluffed up looking as formidable as possible.

"I wonder what's coming now?" asked some of the eagerly watching members. It happened. That partridge made a dash for the fry, grabbing a gill, and clung turtle-tight. The chicken backed and side-stepped trying to rid itself of the dangling weight.

"My, my!" I cried, rushing down the steps; "I'm going to take that partridge right home. She's positively too rude for anything."—Cora M. Cooper, Pikeville, Tenn.

This Woman Brings Fame to Sculptors

MRS. SAMUEL TAYLOR DORSET.

Mrs. Samuel Taylor Dorset, the daughter of a North Carolina farmer, has been the model for a number of Junoesque figures that have brought fame to the sculptors who treated them. Mrs. Dorset's figure, little short of six feet in height and beautifully proportioned, has been declared by several prominent sculptors and artists to be scarcely short of perfect.

Mrs. Dorset was brought up in North Carolina, in the "Sapphire Country," and on the side of Mount Mitchell. She has spent the biggest part of her life in the open and is one of a family of giants.

PRETTY JAPANESE GIRLS EARN LIVING BY DIVING FOR PEARLS

Japan captured Tsing-tao by the regular processes of warfare. Its soldiers and sailors proved sufficient, without the aid of women; yet 100 Japanese girls had offered to help, and their offer was declined for reasons of chivalry and tradition, not because they could not have made themselves useful. The girls did not expect to fight; but they volunteered for a task as dangerous as any on the firing line.

They were young women of the province of Shima, divers by profession, and what they asked leave to do was to dive in the mine-strewn waters that guarded the German fortress to find and retrieve the mines. Trained from earliest childhood, they are wonderful divers, able to remain under water for an amazingly long time, and to see clearly in the green, shimmering twilight of the depths. They believed they could slip overboard from the Japanese warships, swim unnoticed to the mine fields, and perhaps dive for some time undiscovered; if discovered, they would offer such small and elusive targets that they might be able to complete their task even under fire.

In Japan, where pearl fishing is an important industry, nine-tenths of the pearl divers are women. Tiny girls, mere babies, are taught by their mothers to swim, and later to dive; the seashore is their playground, and at 13 or 14, when they leave school, they are usually ready to begin in earnest. A good mother superintends her daughter's diving exercises as carefully and instructs her as faithfully as any good German hausfrau instructs her daughter in domestic tasks.

A girl does not reach her highest point of efficiency until she is about 25 years old. She works from eight to ten hours a day, with only two holidays a month, diving in from 15 to 45 feet of water. January and February are too cold for all-day work, but even then she often spends from one to five hours daily on and under the water. She wears a special dress of white cotton bloomers and short skirt, her hair is twisted into a tight knot with a cloth wound through it on top of her head, and she wears goggles to protect her eyes. A small tub attached to her waist holds the oysters. She earns from 15 cents to $1 a day.

On this small pay she often saves a considerable amount of money, which constitutes her dowry. As the continual exposure to water, wind and sun soon destroys her beauty, she feels peculiarly the need of such an inducement to matrimony. She usually marries; but all too often her lord and master settles down to subsist on her earnings, and she continues to dive for the family, often after she is the mother of numerous children.

Although the navy declined the services of these brave and hardy women, it did so courteously and with all respect, as they deserved.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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A HAPPY marriage is the afterglow that follows the sunset of romance.

Rib: That part of a man's self of which he thinks the least—and brags the most.

A man is never sure of a woman until she is perfectly frank and natural, and a woman is never perfectly frank and natural until she is perfectly indifferent.

No man ever will understand a woman's way of "reasoning;" for instance, a husband never can perceive why, when he smashes a Satsuma vase in a moment of wrath or carelessness, he should be expected to replace it with a new fall bonnet.

"Peach:" A pretty woman to whom a man is maneuvering to be introduced. "Prune:" The same woman—afterward.

In dealing with a man a foolish woman argues; a sane woman argues first and then acts; a wise woman simply acts and leaves his conscience to do the arguing.

A Few Dishes That Are Good to Eat

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS—Cut tops from seven peppers and remove seeds. Add to one pint boiled rice, one chopped onion and half teaspoonful salt. Stuff peppers with rice, put on tops and stand in a baking pan. Add to pan a little water and tablespoonful butter. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Baste often.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING—Sift half pound flour into a basin; add half teaspoonful salt and one teaspoonful baking powder. Stir in two well-beaten eggs, then gradually add one pint milk, beating it well all the time with a wooden spoon. Grease a tin well, pour in batter and bake 30 minutes.

PLANKED FISH—Wash and dry a fresh fish weighing four pounds. Remove the head, then split the fish from head to tail, so that it can be flattened out on the plank. Heat the plank and brush it with butter, place on the fish, skin side down, and tack it firmly in place. Put it into a hot oven. Mix together half a cupful of butter, one cupful boiling water, one teaspoonful pepper and one teaspoonful salt. Baste fish with this mixture every 10 minutes for 25 minutes. Remove from oven, place the plank on a dish, and garnish with lemon and parsley.

DOUGHNUTS—Cream half cupful butter with one cupful sugar; add three well beaten eggs, cupful and a half milk, five cupfuls flour and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix and turn on to baking board. Roll out, cut into rounds, and fry in smoking hot fat. Sprinkle with fine sugar while hot.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM—Make a custard with quart milk, four eggs and two cupfuls sugar. Stir into it four tablespoonfuls grated chocolate. When this chocolate custard is cold beat in a pint of rich cream, one teaspoonful vanilla extract and freeze.

PEA SOUP—Drain can of peas, then lay peas in cold water one hour. Put them into a saucepan, add two cupfuls cold water, one teaspoonful sugar, slice of onion; boil 20 minutes and rub through a sieve. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, stir in one tablespoonful flour, season with salt and pepper, stir into boiling mixture and add two cupfuls scalded milk. Strain before serving.

CHEESE PUDDING—Mix together in a basin, half-pound grated cheese, one teaspoonful flour, two tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, add one cupful milk, one teaspoonful butter and two beaten eggs. Mix and pour into buttered pudding dish, bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot.

CARAMEL ICE CREAM—Make a custard, with two cupfuls milk, one cupful sugar and yolks of four eggs. When cool, add one cup caramalized sugar, quarter teaspoonful salt and one tablespoonful vanilla. Freeze.

COST OF LIVING HITS HOLLAND HOUSEWIVES

The high cost of food necessaries continues to be a vexing problem for the Dutch people, but the price advances have not been as rapid in recent months as during the first year of the war.

Present market prices of various commodities, as compared with prices before the war are: Cheese, 23 cents per pound, formerly 10 cents; eggs 45 cents a dozen, formerly 30 cents; beef, first quality, 22 cents a pound, formerly 14 cents; veal, 22 cents a pound, formerly 14 cents; pork, 16 cents a pound, formerly 8 cents; butter, 43 cents a pound, formerly 21 cents; rice 56 cents a pound, formerly 35 cents.

Colored Vests With Suits.

The long undervest of a bright contrasting color and material to the tailored suit is seen in the new winter models from several of the Paris houses. The vest shows when the coat is opened. When the coat is closed the suit looks like a morning or an afternoon simple tailored suit. When it is opened one glimpses the bright color of the satin, which is often adorned with embroidery. These vests are copied after Louis XV. and Louis XVI. models generally.

OUR Correspondents

Minna County Mother says: "Sometimes we feel that we have more trouble than anyone else. Then is the time to trust in One who is able to help us in the time of trouble. We must try to be cheerful under trials, and that will make them easier to bear. I have three daughters, and I want to have them grow up good, praying girls. I hope the boys and girls of our family whose parents are living will appreciate them. Do not wait to be kind when it is too late. I want to do all that I can to help people along."

Mrs. E. D., W. Va., suggests to mothers that old-fashioned catalogues and all advertising matter containing pictures should be treasured against the rainy day. Children love to cut out and paste, and while this is sometimes a sticky amusement, it is wholesome. Mrs. E. D. advocates the use of all colors of crepe paper to be made into designs and pasted, if necessary. Let the children early learn to group colors and to make original patterns and designs.

W. B. Mize, Dodson, Va., a veteran of the Civil war, sends you greeting. He was wounded three times while in the service of his country. After the war our friend married and reared 14 children. Now he has 69 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Mr. Mize wishes to hear from his son, Thomas Murray Mize, or from his own brothers who years ago went to live in Missouri and Mississippi. Glad to hear from our soldier friends. This correspondents' column is the place where they may all come for a handshake and a greeting if they do not feel equal to writing a letter. Any word from the Civil war veterans is welcome here at any time.

OUR CROCHET CLUB

MARTHA HOLDEN.

With the passing of golden October days, our thoughts turn to the cosyness of the winter fireside and the evening lamp. Let us get together this winter with our crochet patterns, fancy work suggestions, and any new needlework ideas.

If you have a late pattern of crochet, write plainly just the order of stitches you employ in making it and let your sisters of the Peace Page have a chance at it, too. Remember, "Not what we give, but what we share," is the rule in our crochet club. Extend your knowledge of dainty handicraft.

Only One Way to Remove Wrinkles"

Valeska Suratt, Self-Made Beauty-Queen of the American Stage, Tells How Surely to Obtain Beauty.

BY VALESKA SURATT.

THERE is little excuse now for the presence of wrinkles, even in women of late middle age. The results of my formula have indeed proven this to be the case. I want every woman to try this formula, use it constantly, and then your face will reflect again the bloom and freshness as nothing else in the world can do. Mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and two ounces of eptol in a half pint of water.

Many women have thousands of little wrinkles and although such wrinkles may hardly be seen, nevertheless, the general appearance of the face is "agey." This formula rejuvenates the skin in a wonderful way, and all the wrinkles, large or small, crow's feet, deep lines and sagging cheeks are corrected, making a difference of several years in your appearance.

Eptol may be obtained for fifty cents at any good drug store.

MISS MASCULINE—All hairs, light or heavy, on any part of the body, even on the tenderest skin, can be removed almost as by magic, by my following formula. Get one ounce of sulfo solution. This you can get at the drug store for one dollar. Apply it with the finger tips to the superfluous hair, keeping the hair moist with it two or three minutes, until it has been dissolved. Then wipe it off with a damp cloth and wash the skin.

The ordinary preparations sold for this purpose injure the skin and leave a spot where applied, simply because the hair is not literally burned off. The way to do is to use the formula I have just given you—the only thing known that will simply dissolve away the hair and leave the skin soft, white and smooth.

OCTAVIA—Neither I nor anyone else can promise you that the bust can be developed in every case. It is certain that the use of mechanical contrivances, such as vacuum pumps, electricity, violent massage are all harmful to these very delicate tissues. However, this formula of mine should do it if anything can, and it is certainly worth trying.

To half a pint of hot water, add half a cup of sugar and two ounces of ruetone for one dollar, with which any druggist will supply you. Dissolve thoroughly and take two teaspoonfuls after meals and on retiring.

JEANETTE L.—I dare say most of the beautiful complexions you see have been developed after years of painstaking effort. But such labor and patience are no longer necessary by the use of my formula, which I really believe, from personal experience, is the most wonderful beautifier known. With a full pint of hot water mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and one ounce of zintone, obtainable at any drug store for fifty cents. This is exceedingly economical, and you can and must use it generously.

DISAPPOINTED.—I have instructed my secretary to obtain for you any article mentioned herein and necessary for making up any of my beauty formulas if, for any reason, you have any difficulty or delay in getting them from any drug or department store. In such case, simply send your name and address, with the price, to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt," Suite 414 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill., mentioning the articles you want.

DEJECTED. — You will be able to comb and brush your hair vigorously without having a single strand come out and your hair will begin to grow out again most beautifully if you will apply every other day or so, and in liberal quantities, my mixture made of half a pint of alcohol, half a pint water, and one ounce of beta-quinol. Shake thoroughly, and then it will be ready to use. If you prefer, you can use imported bay rum instead of the water and alcohol. The beta-quinol you can get at almost any drug store for fifty cents. As a result of the use of this formula, I am known today as the only woman on the American stage who does not wear puffs, switches, wool rolls, turbans or other hair makeshifts.

MRS. B. W. R.—I have proven to the satisfaction of many that hydrolized talc in the armpits is superior to anything else for putting an end to all excessive perspiration, which is unnatural. It keeps the armpits always fresh, keeps the perspiration under control, prevents damage to gowns from fading and running of colors. It destroys body odors at once. You can obtain it at any drug store for fifty cents.

MISS RELIANCE—I agree with you. Nearly all face powders are too chalky, and make the face "powdery." I use none but my own face powder, which has absolutely no chalkiness. It is superb in its fineness, smoothness and scent, is indetectable and is called "Valeska Suratt Face Powder." It is sold in many drug and department stores for fifty cents, in flesh, white and brunette tints.

MISS ROLLIE—Do what I tell you and you will get rid of all your blackheads in a few minutes' time. Sprinkle some powdered neroxin on a sponge, made wet with hot water, and rub this on the face on the parts affected with blackheads. Get the neroxin at the drug store for fifty cents—Advertisement.